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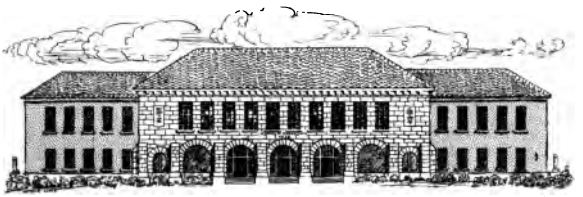

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THE

CYR READERS

ARRANGED BY GRADES

BY

ELLEN M. CYR

BOOK THREE

BOSTON, U.S.A.
GINN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
The Athenæum Press
1901

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TO

Walter B. Briggs

WITH THE

SINCERE REGARD OF THE AUTHOR

PREFACE.

If "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," the realm of poetry cannot be far distant. The lines of our poets have been so noble and true that we are glad to have the children learn of them. They have also manifested such a love of innocence and childhood that the little ones who never have had the privilege of looking into their faces may yet understand this beautiful spirit and appreciate and love many of their poems.

In introducing the poets Whittier and Lowell into the following pages, the author has not undertaken any comprehensive account of their lives; but the purpose has been to picture them to the children in such a way as to make them real personages, and also to lead up to such of their poems as appeal to the little ones.

There is generally a period in childhood when life seems very real and prosaic. The make-believe plays are discarded, fancies are ridiculed, and flights of imagination are looked upon with scorn. While it is of the greatest importance that the practical side of life should be presented, and the child trained to face duty and responsibility, the imagination should be carefully cherished, for it is a God-given faculty and plays an important part in every life.

For this reason, let true poetry, with its choice language, be presented to the little child, explaining such words as lie outside his vocabulary, and fostering the power to see

> "books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The poems of Whittier and Lowell are introduced by permission and arrangement with Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and are intended to be read by the teacher to the children, so that the thought may not be marred through mechanical effort and lack of interpretation.

After this rendering, when the class seem to have caught the spirit of the poem, they may read it silently, and perhaps some poems may be read aloud by the children; but never allow the beauty of thought to be carelessly dealt with by the little ones.

The other stories are closely allied to Nature-work and child-life, as it has been judged wise not to confine the lessons in a reading-book of this grade too closely to one line of thought.

This book is sent forth with the hope that many little hearts may catch something of love and reverence for these two poets.

ELLEN M. CYR.

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THE CYR READERS

BOOK THREE

THE POET AND THE CHILDREN.

H. W. L.

With a glory of winter sunshine
  Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion,
  He sat on his last birthday,

With his books and his pleasant pictures,
  And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
  From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
  From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the Golden Gate of sunset,
  And the cedarn woods of Maine;

And his heart grew warm within him,
  And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
  Were singing the songs of him.

The lays of his life's glad morning,
  The psalms of his evening time,
Whose echoes shall float forever
  On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
  Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
  And sang in the poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
  The music rose and fell
With a joy akin to sadness
  And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
  To the voices sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of heaven
  Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
  For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the Summoning Angel
  Who calls God's children home!

And to him, in a holier welcome,
  Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master,
  "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

Who was the poet in the historic mansion?
Where was the mansion?
Whose voices were singing his poems?
Why did the children remember his birthday?

WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE.

Hā′ vẽr *hĭll* Whĭt′ tĭ er dĭs′ t*ançe*
hĭs tŏr′ ĭc

I will tell you who wrote the last poem.
It was John Greenleaf Whittier.
Mr. Whittier was a poet.
This is a picture of his birthplace.

He was born in the same year as Mr. Longfellow.

Mr. Whittier was born on the 17th of December, 1807.

His first home was a farmhouse in Haverhill, Massachusetts.

There were woods all about it when Mr. Whittier was a boy.

At one side of the house was an old well.

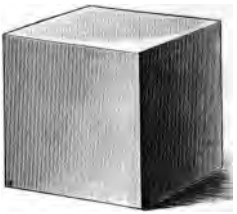
A brook ran at the foot of the hill.

There were hills to be seen in the distance.

Mr. Whittier always loved these hills.

He was a very happy boy.

Would you not have liked to play there with him?



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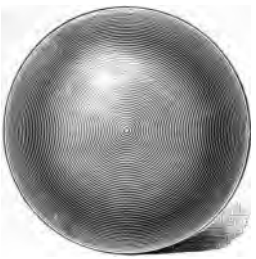

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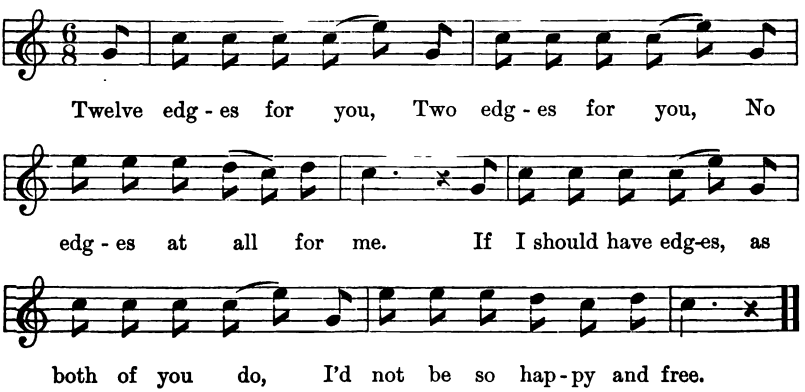
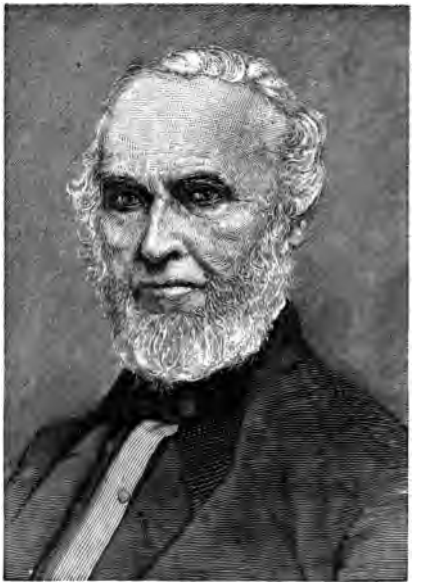




MR. WHITTIER.

bâr*e*′ fo͝ot y*o*ŭng wo͝od′ chŭ*c*k
sŭp′ pẽr stra̤*w*′ bĕr rĭ*e*s̤ ō′ rĭ ōl*e* *w*hōl*e*

This is a picture of Mr. Whittier.

He is a man in the picture, but he always remembered the days when he was a boy.

He liked to think of his life on the farm.

Mr. Whittier wrote a poem about a barefoot boy.

Why do you think he wrote this poem?

Mr. Whittier ran about with bare feet when he was a boy.

He told of the happy times he used to have.

He knew how the woodchuck dug his hole.

He watched the robin feed her young.

The oriole let him see her nest.

She hangs it from a high branch of a tree.

There were red strawberries on the hill for him.

He knew where to find the whitest lilies.

The squirrels would play about him.

They knew that he had a kind heart.

Do you not think he was a happy boy?

He thought that the whole world was full of beauty.

He liked to sit on the door-step to eat his supper of bread and milk.

The beautiful clouds floated above his head.

One after another the fireflies would shine out in the fields.

What beautiful thoughts these things would bring to him!

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!

With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy!

O, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well:

How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung:
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow.
For eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks.
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

BESSIE AND THE MUG.

sĭl′ vẽr mŭg sŭp pōṣe′ da̤ugh′ tẽr
ŏf′ ten ō′ pened härd′ lў

Bessie's papa had a silver mug.
His father gave it to him when he
was a little boy.

Bessie thought that the mug was beautiful.

Her papa often let her drink from it.

She used to rub the silver and keep it bright.

She wished her papa to give it to her for her own.

"I must give it to Charlie," said her papa.

It says 'To my son' upon it. Charlie is my son. You are my little daughter."

Bessie went by herself to think about it.

She wanted the mug very much.

"Charlie does not care for it as I do," she thought.

"He will not keep the silver bright.

I wish it did not have 'To my son' upon it."

By and by she ran to her father.

"Oh, papa," she said, "I have thought what you can do.

You can take it to the store and have them put 'shine' upon it.

Then it will read 'To my Sunshine,' and Sunshine is one of your names for me."

Her papa laughed and said, "I will see what I can do."

A few days later he brought a box to Bessie.

She opened the box and there was a beautiful silver mug.

What do you suppose she read upon the mug?

"To my Sunshine."

She was so happy that she hardly knew what to say.

"Do you see why I could not put 'shine' upon the other mug?" said papa.

"Yes, papa; s-o-n does not mean the same as s-u-n. I shall never forget that again."

I love to see the ..... shine.
Charlie was his father's .....

MR. WHITTIER'S SCHOOL DAYS.

bē̇ cȯme′ p*i*ēç′ ĕs̱ lĕ*a*d
news′ (nūz) pā pẽr sûr prīs̱*e*d′ nīn*e*′ tē*e*n
schō̄ol′ mȧs tẽr lẽ*a*rn*e*d

Mr. Whittier went to school when he was a little boy.

His first school was in a farmhouse.

I wonder how you would have liked his school.

There were no writing books in those days.

He had to write upon pieces of paper.

The children had no lead pencils.

The boys used to write with big pieces of lead.

Mr. Whittier tells us a little about his school life.

He wrote a poem called "To my Schoolmaster."

Afterwards he went to school in a little brown schoolhouse.

He began to write poems when he was a boy.

One day his sister Mary sent one of his poems to a newspaper.

Mr. Whittier was then nineteen years old.

He wished to become a poet.

He had kept his poems hidden away.

He was very much surprised to see his poem in a newspaper.

Mr. Whittier wished to learn more.

He began to work and save his money.

He went to school for some time.

After that he wrote many poems.

People soon learned to know him and to love his poetry.

MAY-DAY.

spĕnd′ ĭng ĕv′ ẽr grēen hē păt′ ĭ cȧ pōle
quēen wīnd′ ĭng clŭs′ tẽr fûr

Some boys and girls were spending
a day in the woods.

It was May-day and there was no school.

One little girl was the May Queen.

She was to wear a wreath of flowers upon her head.

The children were winding evergreen about a pole.

"This is our May-pole, and we shall dance about it," they said.

They soon began to hunt for flowers.

The sweet mayflowers peeped out from under their leaves, and the bright-eyed children soon found their blossoms.

One little girl went away by herself.

She followed a tiny brook.

Here and there she found a few blossoms.

She found a cluster of beautiful flowers.
Some were pink, some violet, and others were white.
The sepals were soft and covered with fine hairs.
"You still have your furs on, my flowers," said the little girl.
"I am glad that you are careful, for you come so early that Jack Frost may catch you.
I think I know your name; you are the hepatica.
You are one of the first flowers to awake."
She stayed by the little brook, and watched it run over the stones.
It sang a happy song as it went on its way.

"You are glad to be free once more," she said.

By and by she followed the brook back where the other children were.

As soon as she came into sight she heard them calling, "She is found! She is found!"

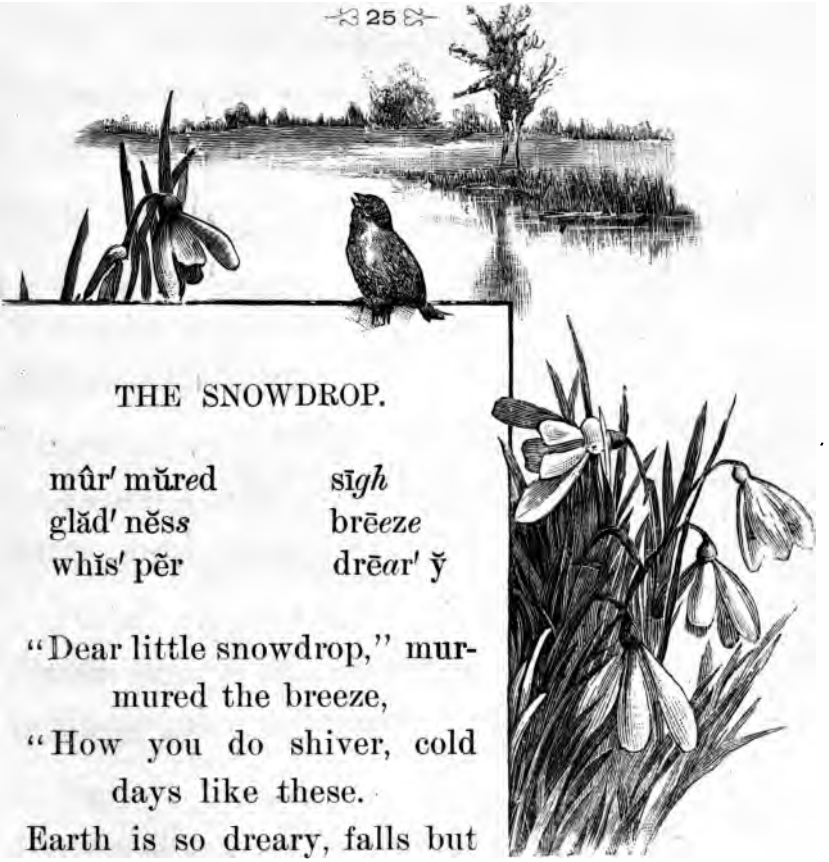
"Who is found?" she asked.

"Why, you are found. We have all been looking for you."

"I have not been lost," she said.

"I have been with the little brook. I followed it into the woods and then I followed it back again."

Read a selection of Tennyson's "May Queen."



THE SNOWDROP.

mûr′ mŭ*r*ed	sī*gh*
glăd′ nĕs*s*	brē*eze*
whĭs′ pĕr	drē*ar*′ ў

"Dear little snowdrop," murmured the breeze,
"How you do shiver, cold days like these.
Earth is so dreary, falls but the sigh.
Will these dark days ever go by?"

"That's why I'm here, love; gladness I bring.
'Take heart,' I whisper, 'See it is the spring!'"

— *Selected.*

"IN SCHOOL DAYS."

*w*rŏng	spĕl*l*′ ĭng	clȧss	lăd′ dẽr
mĭs spĕl*l*′	fā*i*l*e*d	cûrlṣ	wā*i*t′ ĕd

Mr. Whittier always remembered one little girl in his school.

She was a very kind little girl.

She was in the spelling class with him.

The children stood in a line to spell.

Sometimes the children misspelled a word.

The one who spelled it right went above those who failed.

It was like climbing up a ladder.

One day Mr. Whittier spelled a word wrong.

This little girl, with the golden curls,
went above him.
She was sorry to have him spell it
wrong.
She knew it made him feel bad.
After school she waited for him.
When he came out of school she
went to him.
She looked into his face with her
brown eyes, and said:
"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you.
Because," — the brown eyes lower
fell, —
"Because, you see, I love you!"

Read "In School Days" to the class.

SPECKLE AND HER CHICKENS.

Spĕc′ kl*e* hăt*c*h căc′ kl*e* flŭf*f*′ y̆
cŭr′ r*a*nt tạl*l*′ ĕst shād′ y̆ bụsh

Poor old Speckle was in trouble.

She couldn't keep her eggs.

She hid them in the hay, but Harry found them.

She made a nest under a currant bush, but Mary took them away.

"I shall never hatch any chickens," said Speckle.

"Why do people take away my eggs?

I wish I could have a nest like a bird.

I would make it in the top of the tallest tree.

A robin left one in the apple tree last year. I might lay my eggs in it.

No, that wouldn't do, for chickens run about at once.

Their feet are not made for trees.

They would fall from the branches.

If they stayed in their nest, like birds,
I would try it.
I will make a nest in the cornfield."
She found a shady, green spot and
laid some eggs.
She would run back into the barn-
yard before she dared to cackle.
At last nine little chickens peeped
out of their shells.
Speckle was very proud of them.
She took them at once to the farm-
yard.
Harry was there feeding the hens.
"See my chickens!" she clucked; "you
did not get my eggs this time."
Harry called Mary out to see them.
"Well, old Speckle," said Mary, "you
did hatch your eggs.

You shall have some meal for your pretty, fluffy chickens."

Mary picked up one of the chickens and carried it home in her apron. "Old Speckle can spare you," she said, "and I want you for a pet."

My chicken's name is Cuddle;
  Just see him wink his eyes!
He's only three days old now,
  And yet he's very wise.
I think he's very clever,
  The funny little peep;
The way he says he loves me
  Is "Cheep! cheep! cheep!"

— *Selected.*

Āmeş′ bur(bẽr) y̆	whō*a*	chûrch
cạl*l*′ ĭng	păr′ rȯt	lẽ*a*rne*d*
hẽ*a*rd	Rŏb′ ĭn Ȧdâ*i*r′	

The old farm at Haverhill was sold in 1840.

Mr. Whittier then went to live in Amesbury.

This is a picture of his home there.

He loved little children, and would talk and play with them.

The children in Amesbury soon learned to know and love him.

He had a parrot. The parrot's name was Charlie.

The children called Mr. Whittier "The man with the parrot."

Charlie would talk to them.

When he heard the school bell ring he would call, "Run in, boys, run in!"

He would say "Whoa" to the horses that passed.

The horses would often stop, for they did not know it was a bird talking.

One Sunday the parrot flew into a tree in the front yard.

He began calling to the people as they went to church.

Mr. Whittier tried to make him fly back to his cage.

He wished the parrot to be quiet on Sunday.

At last the parrot flew back to the house.

Mr. Whittier had many pets.

One of them was a yellow cat.

He would often show these pets to the children who came to visit him.

He once had a large dog.

His name was Robin Adair.

There is a song about Robin Adair.

One day a lady sang it to Mr. Whittier. The dog heard the song and came close to her while she sang.

"He thinks you are singing to him," said Mr. Whittier.

Read "The Common Question" to the class.

Sometimes children run in from school and wake the baby. Mamma says, "Sh! sh! Make no noise."

shăll	shȯve	shŏp
shŭt	shīne	shĭp
shōw	shōne	shôrt
shāpe	shōōt	shōre

THE FIR TREES.

fĩr	strā*ight*	văl′ le*y*
moun′ t*a*ĭn	slĕn′ dẽr	tĭp*pe*d
nē*e*′ dle*s*	brȧnch′ ĕ*s*	lōn*e*′ ly
wȯn′ dẽr	pĕ*ck*ed	cōn*e*

Two young fir trees grew upon the side of a mountain.

The trees about them were oaks or maples. They had beautiful large leaves.

The birds made nests upon their branches.

There were no nests in the fir trees.

Their branches were covered with slender needles.

When the wind blew the fir trees would whisper to each other.

"Why are we not like the other trees?
Their leaves are large and beautiful.
Their branches reach out to welcome the birds and squirrels.
The children rest beneath their shade.
The squirrels play among them.
No one seems to care for us."

"Never mind the other trees," said a sunbeam; "I will come to visit you. Grow strong and straight and your happy time will come."

By and by Jack Frost flew into the woods.
The days began to grow cold.
The leaves put on their bright colors.
Some were red and others were yellow.

The fir trees looked down into the valley at the bright colors.

"How beautiful the trees are!" they said to one another.

"I wonder what color we shall be."

"I should like to have yellow leaves," said one.

"I hope my needles will be tipped with red," said the other.

Every morning they would look at their needles to see if they were changed.

Each morning the needles were as green as ever.

The trees shook their heads sadly.

"Our leaves are not going to change," they said. "I wonder why we are not like the maples and oaks."

By and by the leaves on the oaks and maples began to fall.

Soon all the branches were bare.

The fir trees were still bright and green.

"We are sorry for the poor trees," they said.

"They are so lonely and bare."

A few little snowbirds were in the woods.

They flew to the fir trees and pecked at their cones.

"The birds want our seeds," said the fir trees. "Let us open our cones and feed them."

So they let the seeds fall from their cones.

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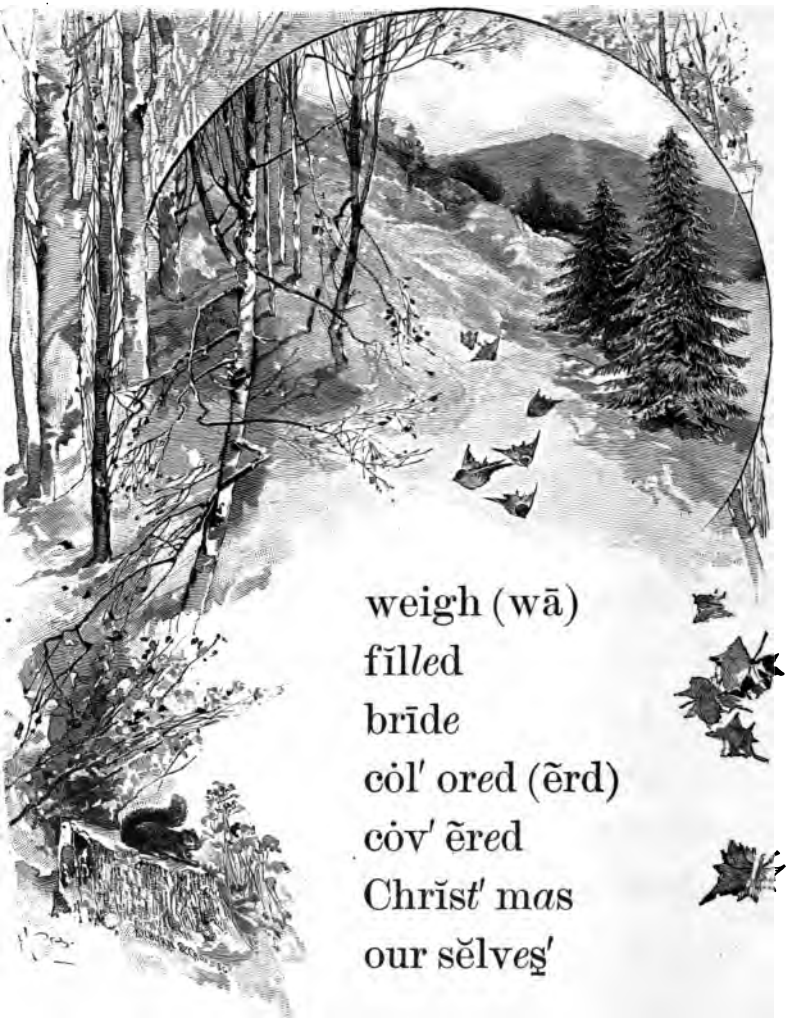


weigh (wā)
fĭll*e*d
brīd*e*
cȯl′ or*e*d (ẽrd)
cȯv′ ẽr*e*d
Chrĭst′ m*a*s
our sĕlv*e*ş′

THE FIR TREES' REWARD.

One day the air was filled with snowflakes.

They danced about to find a resting place.

Some snowflakes flew to the fir trees, and rested upon them.

They called to their playmates, and soon the branches were covered with snow.

The fir trees were very happy.

"We love the soft, white snowflakes," they said.

"We wish we might keep them with us."

In a few days the sun found the snowflakes, and carried them back to their cloud home.

Then the fir trees were sad again.

One clear, cold day, some children came with their father into the wood.

They ran at once to the fir trees.

"Here are the trees we want!" they cried.

"See how pretty and green they are!

They are straight and strong, and will be fine Christmas trees."

So their father cut down the fir trees and carried them home.

In a few days the fir trees were covered with beautiful things.

There were tiny candles to make them bright.

"How happy we are!" they said.

"We are so glad to be fir trees!

This is better than having the bright colored leaves.
It is beautiful to give ourselves to make others happy."

Whispering pines of the forest,
What do your voices say?
I hear the sound of your murmuring
Throughout the live-long day.

In winter we talk of the flowers
Which make the forest bright.
We do not wish to forget them
While they are out of sight.

In summer we think of the snow-wreaths
Which weigh our branches down:
We shall stand white in the starlight,
Like a bride in her snowy gown.

NIMBUS, THE RAIN CLOUD.

shāp*e*s	frā′ gr*a*nt	dŭl*l*
cûr′ t*a*ĭns	bŏn′ nĕts	tạ*l*k′ ĭng
drŏps	nĭm′ bŭs	voiç*e*

Carl now liked more than ever to watch the clouds.

He would look for the clouds whose names he knew, and saw many shapes in the sky.

"I wonder what that large cloud is," he said one day. "It covers the whole sky.

It looks like a heavy gray curtain.

If Miss Leslie comes to-day I will ask her."

Very soon the rain began to fall.

"Oh, dear!" said Carl, "I am afraid Miss Leslie will not come to-day."

He was watching the raindrops on the window, when there came a rap at the door.

"Come in," he said, and Miss Leslie walked into the room.

"I am very glad to see you," said Carl. "I was afraid the rain would keep you away."

"Oh, no," said Miss Leslie; "I do not stay at home for the rain.

I have some sweet peas for you to-day."

"How lovely they are!" said Carl, taking them in his hand. "Why do you wear sun-bonnets, little flowers? I can't see that you have faces. How sweet you smell!"

"Yes," said Miss Leslie, "they are very fragrant."

"I know mamma will like to see them, for when she was a little girl she had some in her garden.

Can you tell me the name of this large, gray cloud that covers the sky?"

"This cloud's name is nimbus," said Miss Leslie. "It is the rain cloud."

"I don't think nimbus is a very pretty cloud," said Carl. "It is so dull and gray."

"It is the cloud which the rainbow rests upon, and you know that is very beautiful."

"Yes, Miss Leslie; and it is the cloud that has a voice.

Sometimes the raindrops patter against the window-pane as if they were talking to me. I think I like the nimbus cloud, after all."

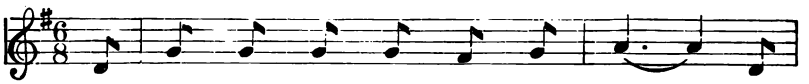
"The flowers could not grow if there was no rain cloud," said Miss Leslie; "so you should like the nimbus cloud very much.

I wish you might see how they lift their heads when the rain begins to fall. You shall see them, too, for you are going to the country with me."

"How happy I shall be," said Carl, and his face was very bright as he said "Good-bye."

WHAT THE CUBE SAID TO THE SPHERE.

'Tis true, little sphere, you can roll,
And if you try hard, you can stand, too;
But I can sit still on the side of a hill,
And that is one thing that you can't do.



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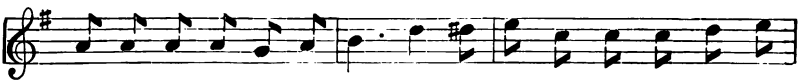

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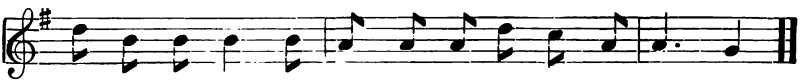

side of a hill, And that is one thing that you can't do.

MR. WHITTIER AT OAK KNOLL.

Ōak Knōll ôr′ chards (chẽrdṣ) shōul′ dẽr
Dăn′ vẽrṣ Frī′ dā̇y gnạw
foun′ taĭn bŭt′ tonṣ hour

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Behind the house is a beautiful garden.

There is a fountain in the center of the garden.

One day the gardener brought a squirrel to Mr. Whittier.

Mr. Whittier named the squirrel Friday, and had a cage made for him, which was hung in his study.

Friday became very tame and used to run about the house.

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The squirrel would hunt for the nuts.

When he had found one he would carry it up on Mr. Whittier's shoulder.

He liked to crack and eat it there.

What do you suppose he would sometimes do?

He would find Mr. Whittier asleep.

Then he would gnaw the buttons from his coat. Wasn't he a funny squirrel to do this, for he knew he could not eat them?

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Perhaps he made visits to the other squirrels.

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ō*a*r	gō*a*t	whō*a*	rō*a*r
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laugh (läf) bôr′ dẽr mĭd′ dl*e* bē*e*ts răt′ tl*e*

bē*a*nş lā′ bĕlş mā*i*dş bus′ (bĭş) ĭ lȳ

MARY'S GARDEN.

The lovely springtime had come, and Mary's father was making his garden.

"You and Harry shall each have a garden for your own," he said.

So he gave them each a piece of ground for a garden.

"I shall plant beets, corn and beans in mine," said Harry.

"And I shall fill mine with beautiful flowers," said Mary.

Harry planted his garden first.

Mary went out to look at it, and to plant her seeds.

"How bare your garden looks," she said; "and what are those pieces of paper?"

"They have the names of the seeds written upon them," said Harry.

"Well, I don't think they look very pretty. I wish my flower bed to look pretty, and it shall, too."

Harry laughed and said, "How can it look pretty before the flowers grow?"

"You shall see, Harry Gray. I know what I shall do."

A few days later, when Harry came home from school, he saw Mary in the garden.

She was working busily, and called him to come and look at her flower bed.

There were paper dolls in gay dresses standing about.

"Well, I must say you have a funny looking garden. Why are those dolls there?"

"Those are my labels," said Mary.

"The one above the pansy seeds has a purple dress.

The pink one is over the sweet peas, and the blue one shows where the forget-me-nots are planted.

Isn't my garden pretty?"

"I never saw such a girl," said Harry.

The next morning Harry asked Mary to have a race to the garden.

When Mary came to her flower bed she saw a border of shells around it.

An old rattle which belonged to the baby was standing up in the middle of the bed.

"Why, Harry Gray, what have you been doing with baby's bells?"

"I planted some bluebells for you and that is the label," said Harry, then he began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at, Harry Gray?"

Harry began to sing,—

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
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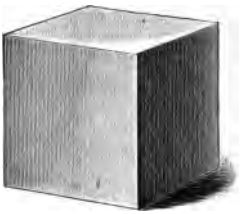
Mary laughed then, and answered,—

"With silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row."



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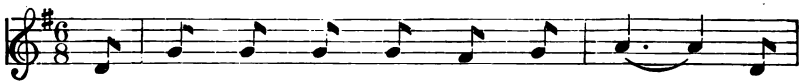

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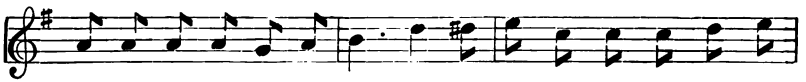

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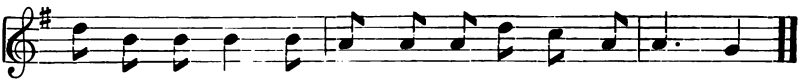

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MR. WHITTIER'S MOCKING BIRD.

mŏck′ ĭng whĭs′ *tle* Dā′ vĭd Phē′ (Fē) bė̇ mū′ ṣĭc grōv*e*

Mr. Whittier had a beautiful mocking bird.

His name was David.

He was full of music and fun.

He would whistle to the horses.

He knew Mr. Whittier and would call his name.

He would sing, "Whittier! Whittier!"

Mr. Whittier let him fly about the house.

Sometimes he would fly up in the air.

Then he would light upon Mr. Whittier's head.

I will tell you the pet Mr. Whittier loved best. It was a little girl.

She lived at Oak Knoll, and her name was Phebe.

Mr. Whittier used to play with her.

They would play school together, and Phebe was always the teacher.

He helped her to build a playhouse in the grove.

Mr. Whittier wrote a poem about Phebe.

He called her "Little Red Riding Hood."

How many beautiful thoughts he must have given to the little girl.

He has left many thoughts for you, too.

You must learn to read his poems for yourself.

WHY HENRY WAS LATE.

crȳ′ ĭng	hăp′ pen	troŭ′ bl*e*
pẽr hăps′	lāt*e*	rē*a*′ ṣon

Henry was on his way to school one morning, when he met a little boy. The boy was crying, and Henry asked what the trouble was.

"I can't find my way home," said the boy.

"What is your name, and where do you live?" asked Henry.

"My name is Albert Strong, and I live on Gray street."

"Why, that is a long way from here," said Henry. "How do you happen to be so far from home?"

"I went to ride with the milkman and I rode too far."

"I should think you did. I wish I had time to take you home, but I must go to school."

The boy began to cry again.

"Oh, please take me home," he said.

"Oh, dear!" said Henry to himself, "I haven't been late this year. He ought to have gone home long ago."

Henry stood still for a few minutes, and then went to Albert.

"I'll take you home," he said, "if you will stop crying.

I don't like to walk with a boy who cries.

Don't you know that boys should never cry?"

Albert stopped crying and began to smile.

"You would have gone to school if I had not cried," he said, "and then I shouldn't have found my way home."

"That is so," said Henry. "Perhaps little boys like you may cry sometimes. You must hurry now, for I do not like to be late."

It was a long walk to Albert's home, but they reached it at last.

Henry could hardly wait for Albert's mother to thank him, but ran as fast as he could to school.

He was ten minutes late, but when he told his teacher the reason, she said that he did right.

"But I did wish I could go to school all this year without being late," said Henry.

"Kind hearts are the gardens;
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the flowers;
Kind deeds are the fruits."

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

frŏst brē*a*th*e*d jā*y* hạ*w*k drĭft
to ward (tō′ ẽrd) blō*w*n ȧ mȯng′ pān*e*ş

One day there was a heavy snow-
storm at Oak Knoll.

The windows were covered with frost.

Little Phebe breathed upon one of
the panes so that she could see
through it.

Everything was covered with snow.
Phebe saw a crow fly by. A gray hawk and a blue jay flew among the trees.
On one drift sat a squirrel with his broad tail towards the north wind.
"They are hungry," thought little Phebe. "The snow has covered up the seeds which they eat."
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue jays!
What is it that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs,
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He 's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?"
Phebe's mother let her put on her big boots and pretty red hood.

She gave her a basket of nuts and corn.

The wind blew hard, and the drifts were deep, but Phebe did not care.

She went where she had seen the birds and the squirrel.

She threw the nuts and corn to them, and said:

"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak, —
Come, black old crow, — come, poor blue jay,
Before your supper's blown away.
Don't be afraid, we all are good,
And I'm mamma's Red Riding Hood!"

RED RIDING HOOD.

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple-barred,
We saw the sombre crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift,
Erect, alert, his broad gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue jays!
What is it that the black crow says?

The squirrel lifts his little legs,
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,—
Come, black old crow,—come, poor blue jay,
Before your supper's blown away.
Don't be afraid, we all are good;
And I'm mamma's Red Riding Hood!"

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

TIM AND THE PEAR.

jū*i*′ çy̆ *h*ŏn′ ĕst grāp*e*s
bē lŏng*e*d′ sīd*e*′ wa̤*l*k bo̅o̅t′ blă*c*k

A ripe, juicy pear had rolled off a fruit stand, and was lying upon the sidewalk.

One little hand was reaching for it.

Two bright eyes were looking at the pear.

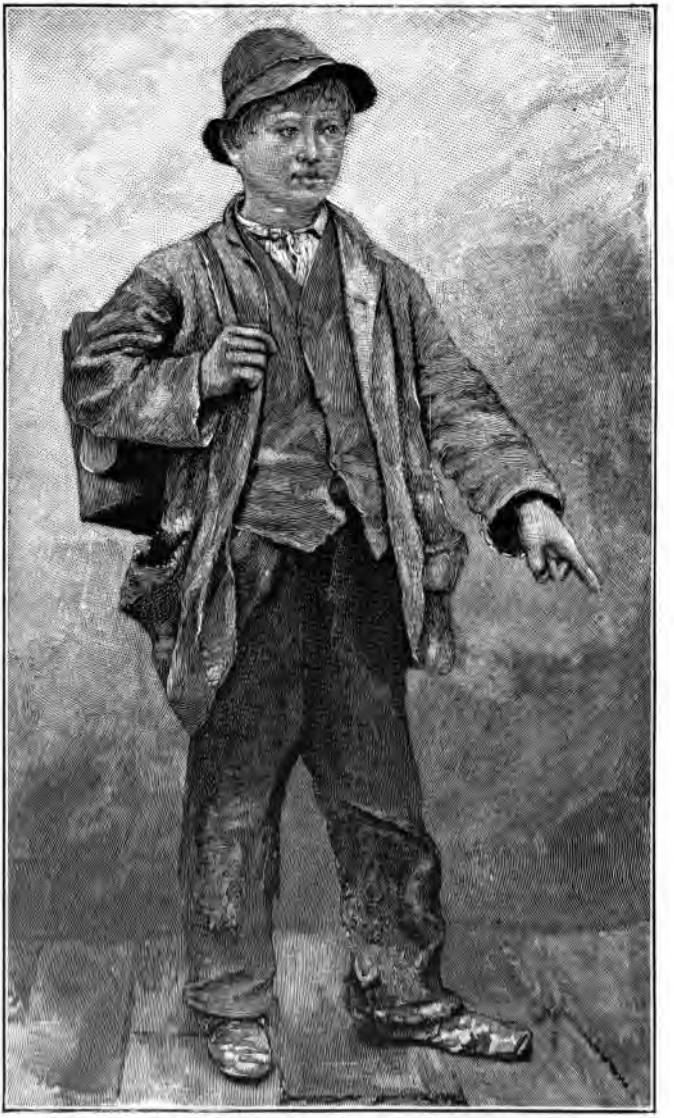
They belonged to Tim, the bootblack.

"That is a fine pear," he said.

"I'll get it when the man isn't looking."

Just then a gentleman walked up to the fruit stand.

"Now is my time," said Tim, and he picked it up.



"You are a beauty," he said, "and I'll take you home to Kitty.

How her eyes will shine when she sees you.

She will say, 'O, Tim, how good you are! Where did you get that pear?'

And then what shall I say?

She will be sorry if I tell her where I got it. I must give it back to the man, for Kitty will say it is his."

So Tim walked slowly to the fruit stand.

"Here is one of your pears," he said. "It fell off the stand."

"You may keep it," said the man.

Tim said, "Thank you," and was running away, when the gentleman called to him.

"Come here, my boy," he said. "I saw you pick up that pear. Why did you wait so long before you gave it back?"

"I wanted it for Kitty, sir; but I gave it back. You saw me."

"I am glad to say that I did," said the gentleman. "I hope you will not be so slow about doing right the next time.

Now tell me about Kitty."

"She is my little sister, sir, and she is lame.

She wants me to be honest, and that is why I remembered that the pear wasn't mine."

"Take these grapes to Kitty for me," said the gentleman.

"I am glad you have such a sister, and hope you always will be honest."

"Thank you; I will try to be," said Tim, and he ran home and told his little sister about it.

Kitty was pleased with the pear and the grapes.

"But, dear Tim," she said, "I am most pleased because my brother was honest."

The birds can sing,
  The birds are singing;
The bells will ring,
  The bells are ringing;
The winds must blow,
  The winds are blowing;
The flowers grow,
  The flowers are growing.

MR. WHITTIER'S BIRTHDAY.

bro*ugh*t (bra̤t) sma̤l*l'* ĕst frē*e'* dȯm
rē̇ mĕm' bẽre*e'*d

The children remembered Mr. Whittier's birthday.

They kept the day for the first time in 1887.

Can you tell how old he was on that birthday?

Many people showed him how much they loved him.

Why do you think they loved him?

I think it was because he loved everything that God has made.

His poems were full of love and freedom.

Mr. Whittier died in September, 1892.

The people felt that a friend had gone from them.

The children in Danvers came together to show their love for him.

"We know he loved us," they said.

"His smile was full of love for us.

We shall never forget his kind face."

The children in Amesbury brought flowers to show their love for their dear friend.

A beautiful life helps everybody.

FLOWER DOLLS.

pŏp′ pĭe̱s̱ ā′ corns (kŭrns̱) făm′ ĭ lў
hănd′ fụl trŭṉk tȳ′ ĭng blād*e*
săsh năs tûr′ tium (shŭm)

"Oh, dear!" said Helen, "I don't know what to play. I wish I had brought my dolls and my tea-set. I wish to have a party.

Mamma said they would take too much room in the trunk, and I have only one doll with me. I am tired of playing with her."

"How many dolls should you like?" said Aunt Jessie.

"Oh! ever so many! so that I might have a party."

"Very well," said Aunt Jessie, "come into the garden with me."

Helen put on her big hat, and they went into the garden.

Aunt Jessie went first to a bed of poppies, and gathered a handful of the bright blossoms.

Then she and Helen found a seat upon a stone under an oak tree.

Aunt Jessie took one of the poppies and turning back the petals, tied a blade of grass about them for a sash.

She then broke off a piece of the stem, and put it through the petals to make arms.

"Oh, what a funny little doll!" said Helen.

"See, auntie, it can stand alone. I can make one now."

Soon she had a large family, with bright colored dresses.

"This flat stone will be a good place for the party," said Aunt Jessie.

"Go pick some nasturtium leaves, Helen. They are flat and will do for plates.

Take some large currants off the stem, and the dolls may have them for apples."

When Helen came back, Aunt Jessie had made a little teapot for her.

It was a cherry with the stem turned over, and put into it at one side for a handle, and another piece of stem formed the nose.

Helen was so much pleased with it that she made one for each of the dolls.

Aunt Jessie made some cups and saucers from acorns, and Helen played with her dolls all the afternoon.

Pretty little flower folks,
In the garden beds;
Gentle dews to bathe them—
See them nod their heads—
Busy bees to visit them;
Birdlings full of glee:
Do you love your garden home,
Or will you come with me?

FLOWER FAIRIES.

stĕm swā*y*′ mōōn mŏth
fȧs*t*′ *e*n*e*d bē*e*t′ l*e* frĕsh fĭrm′ lў

That night, after Helen had gone to bed, she thought of her poppy dolls.

"Dear me!" said she, "the poor things are still out there on the stone.

I wish I had stood them up in a dish of water.

It is good for them to have their feet wet. I wish it were good for me, for then I should not take cold so easily.

I am very sorry that I forgot them."

She soon fell asleep and this is what she saw in her dreams.

When the moon and stars came out it was quite light in the garden.

The poppy dolls began to move about.

"We never could do this before," they said. "It is better than being fastened to a stem."

The fireflies came to see the poppies.

"How strange you look!" they said.

"I wish we could fly about as you do. I should like to go back to our home in the flower bed," said a pink poppy.

"I will find a beetle," said the firefly, "and he will let you ride upon his back."

He flew away, but soon came back with a large beetle.

"Do not fall off when I spread my under wings," said the beetle.

The pink poppy held on firmly, and soon reached her old home.

She stood upon a large leaf and told the other poppies what a good time she had been having.

They did not know her, at first, but thought she was some bright moth.

"Do you like to have your petals turned back?" they asked.

"Yes, if I could go to sleep; but I cannot close them now."

"Well, we must close ours," said the others, and soon the pink poppy was left alone.

The beetle took her back to the poppy dolls, and Helen found them all there the next morning.

The dew had kept them fresh.

Who can tell what the flowers do,
In the misty, soft moonlight?
When the breezes whisper, they gently sway,
As if they wished they might fly away,
Out into the quiet night.

SANTA CLARA COUNTY
TEACHERS' LIBRARY
No. .....

CARL IN THE COUNTRY.

′hăm′ mŏck	flē*e*′ çy̆
çĭr′ rŭs	strā′ tŭs
fôrm*e*d	flō*a*t

One day in July,
Carl was taken to Miss Leslie's home in the country.
He had never been so happy.
He would lie on the soft grass for hours, and watch the butterflies and bees among the flowers.
He had never seen them before.

Miss Leslie's father hung a hammock in the garden, so that Carl might be among the flowers.

Some tall lilies grew close beside the hammock, where Carl could reach them.

Miss Leslie found him looking up into the sky, one afternoon.

"What clouds do you see to-day, Carl?" she asked.

"There are some small, fleecy clouds in the sky now," said Carl.

"They look like soft feathers."

Miss Leslie looked up into the sky.

"Those are called cirrus clouds," she said.

"The cirrus clouds float very high."

"Sometimes they look like long, snowy wreaths," said Carl.

"I watched them one day until they faded away, and another time they came together and formed a big cloud.

I saw another cloud last night at sunset. It was very low, and looked like a soft, white belt."

"That was a stratus cloud," said Miss Leslie.

"The setting sun made it beautiful," said Carl. "At first it was pink, and then it turned to purple.

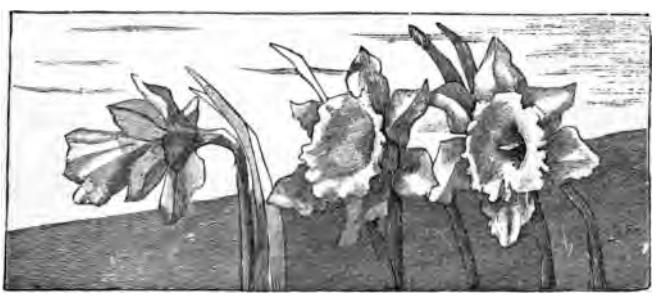
I think I shall remember the clouds now.

The one that looks like a castle is the cumulus.

The big rain cloud is nimbus.

A stratus cloud is the long, soft one I see at sunset, and these pretty, snowy wreaths are the cirrus clouds."

Read Longfellow's "Rain in Summer."



"See, auntie, it can stand alone. I can make one now."

Soon she had a large family, with bright colored dresses.

"This flat stone will be a good place for the party," said Aunt Jessie.

"Go pick some nasturtium leaves, Helen. They are flat and will do for plates.

Take some large currants off the stem, and the dolls may have them for apples."

When Helen came back, Aunt Jessie had made a little teapot for her.

It was a cherry with the stem turned over, and put into it at one side for a handle, and another piece of stem formed the nose.

Helen was so much pleased with it that she made one for each of the dolls.

Aunt Jessie made some cups and saucers from acorns, and Helen played with her dolls all the afternoon.

Pretty little flower folks,
  In the garden beds;
Gentle dews to bathe them—
  See them nod their heads—
Busy bees to visit them;
  Birdlings full of glee:
Do you love your garden home,
  Or will you come with me?

FLOWER FAIRIES.

stĕm swā*y*′ mōōn mŏth
fȧs*t*′ *e*n*e*d bē*e*t′ l*e* frĕsh fĭrm′ lў

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The fireflies came to see the poppies.

"How strange you look!" they said.

"He left something at my house for you," said Walter. "He said your mother's fire was so hot that he couldn't go down the chimney."

The boys shouted again.

They had a fine sleigh ride, and when they came into the house they found a good dinner ready for them.

After dinner Walter took them into the parlor, and there was a beautiful Christmas tree.

It was covered with lighted candles and presents.

How happy the children were, and how their eyes shone!

Each one had a present, and a box of candy and nuts, to take home.

They laughed and danced with joy.

After the presents were given out, Walter's mother told them about the Christ child, who was born so many years ago.

"It is His birthday, you know," she said, "and we wish it to be a happy day for every one.

You can each help make some one happy, if you will try."

"So we will," said one of the boys. "Let's give our candy and nuts away."

All the boys and girls said they could do that.

"Santa Claus shall take you to ride, and you may leave them on your way home," said Walter's mamma.

"I shall give mine to Mary Brown,"
said Kitty.
Each of the children soon thought
of some one who had nothing
for Christmas.
So they gave their candy away and
helped some other children to have
a happy Christmas.

"A merry, merry Christmas!"
The little people say.
"We wish you all a happy time
Upon this Christmas day.

Just try to help each other;
Do all you can for mother;
Then Christmas will be merry,
And your hearts be light and gay."

A MORNING CALL.

cŏt′ tā̇ġ*e*	wo͝od′ *e*n	Ĕm′ ĭ lў
Grā′ *ha*m	găth′ ẽr*e*d	bŭnch

Ethel was visiting her aunt Emily.

Near her aunt's house was a little brown cottage.

There were vines upon it, and Ethel thought it was very pretty.

"I wish I might have that little house to play in," she said. "It is so little that my dolls would feel at home, I know.

These rooms are too large for them. Who lives there, auntie?"

"The cottage belongs to an old lady whose name is Mrs. Graham," said her aunt.

"She lives there all alone. Some day you shall go to see her."

One morning Ethel was taken to visit Mrs. Graham.

"Ethel likes your little house very much," said her aunt. "She thinks it is just right for her and her dolls."

The old lady laughed. "Bring your dolls here whenever you like," said she. "I had a little girl once who used to play here with her dolls."

"Where is she now?" asked Ethel.

"She is a lady now, and has a little girl of her own."

"What is her little girl's name?" said Ethel.

"Annie. She comes here sometimes; but she doesn't care to play in the house very often. She has a little playhouse down by the brook. You can see it from this window."

Ethel ran to the window and saw a little wooden shed.

"May I go into it?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed; and here is Annie's little basket.

You may take it with you, and see if you can find anything to put into it."

Ethel was pleased with the playhouse, and found some playthings there. A little wooden cradle, with a rag baby in it, stood at one side.

After playing there for some time, Ethel went down to the side of the brook.

There she found some blue violets growing beside the water.

"I will put you into my basket," she said. "I know the old lady's little girl used to pick violets when she played here."

She carried them into the house,

when her basket was full, and gave them to Mrs. Graham.

"What pretty violets!" she said. "My little girl loved them, and used to pick them for me. You must take them home."

"No," said Ethel; "they are for you to keep."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Graham. "I will keep them if you will pick some more for yourself."

So Ethel ran down to the brook again, and gathered a bunch to carry home.

She often went to see the old lady after this, and played with her dolls in the playhouse.

Read Longfellow's "The Boy and the Brook."

THE following poems may be read to the children in connection with the reading lessons:

WHITTIER:

THE FROST SPIRIT.
BARBARA FRIETCHIE.
A DREAM OF SUMMER.
THE PUMPKIN.
THE MAYFLOWERS.
THE HILLTOP.
KATHLEEN.
TO MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

ELMWOOD, MR. LOWELL'S HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE.

ELMWOOD.

Ĕlm′wo͝od	mĭn′is tẽr	prē*a*ch′ing
y*o*ŭn′gĕst	pōrch	grōv*e*s

1. This house is called Elmwood. How do you suppose it came to have that name? Two beautiful elm trees grew in front of the porch.

2. All about the house are many trees where the birds like to sing. One Washington's birth-

day, a baby boy was born in this house. It was the 22d of February, 1819.

3. This boy was the youngest of five children. There were two brothers and two sisters to welcome him as their playfellow.

4. He was named James Russell Lowell. His father's name was Charles Lowell, and he was a minister. Mr. Lowell lived in Cambridge, near the Charles River, but he preached in Boston.

5. There were large, beautiful groves about Elmwood, when James was a little boy. He used to play among the trees with his brothers and sisters.

6. These children had many pets: among them were a colt, a dog, and kittens. The children built a little hut in the woods. What happy times they had!

LOWELL'S EARLY CHILDHOOD.

ġĕn'ẽr *o*ŭs	glē*a*m*e*d	sĭl'vẽr
brē*e*z'ȳ	strā*y*	ĭm ăġ'ĭn*e*

1. James Russell Lowell was the youngest of the family. His mother loved him very much and used to tell him beautiful stories. The whole world seemed to him like one great story book.

2. As he played in the woods he thought of the songs his mother sang for him. The birds sang in the trees, and their songs were full of happy thoughts. When he looked up at the sky, the white clouds seemed like stray lambs.

3. Some days he would imagine that the birds' song was news from heaven, sung by the angels. He loved the flowers, too, and was glad to see the yellow dandelions. When they first came, they seemed like a promise that May would soon be here. He thought their gold was beautiful.

4. He said the bee in the white lily's breezy tent could not feel happier than he, when the dandelions burst into bloom. They seemed like a generous gift from the spring.

5. They made him love people better, for they helped him to see that every one had a little of heaven in his heart.

6. The Charles River was near his home, and he played beside it. He said it was beautiful in the spring when the banks were soft and green; but it was still more beautiful in winter. It was then covered with ice which gleamed like silver in the sun.

Read Lowell's "To the Dandelion" to the class.

LITTLE STRAWBERRY-BLOSSOM.

Part I.

stra̤*w*′bĕr rў	bė l*i*ēv*e*d′	ăc quā*i*nt′ĕd
mŏd′ĕst	wa̤rn′ĭng	glĭs′*te*n
trăv′ĕl ẽr	ăd vīç*e*′	nō′tĭç*e*d
c*o*ŭs̱′*i*n	fŏx′glȯv*e*	crĭm′s̱*o*n

1. In a damp, green spot in the midst of a wood, hidden away from the light by a number of ferns, there grew a little white strawberry-blossom.

2. Its many broad leaves only made it look smaller and paler. The tall foxgloves and ferns growing around it hardly ever noticed the pale little thing. "It seems scarcely worth while," they would say, "to have so many leaves for so small a flower."

3. When she heard remarks of this kind, the little blossom felt sad. "I wonder why I grow at all," she thought. "It is very dark and lonely, and nobody loves me."

4. One day a child came and gathered an armful of fresh, green ferns, and then, at last, a bright sunbeam found its way in. It lighted on the head

of the tiny white flower, making it glisten like a dewdrop.

5. "I love you, little Strawberry-blossom, I love you," whispered the sunbeam; but the little flower had lived so long without being noticed, that she scarcely believed this.

6. "Not me, kind sunbeam," she said; "surely not me; it must be the foxglove, the queen of the woods, with its crimson bells, or the lovely wild rose climbing by."

7. "No, little Strawberry-blossom," said the sunbeam; "it is you that I love. You are so gentle and modest that I had hard work to find you; but now I shall come often, and stay with you part of every day."

8. When the other plants saw the sunbeam talking to little Strawberry-blossom, they laughed at her. But she was too happy to care for that.

9. So all through the long, hot summer day, the sunbeam stayed with her, and when he said "Good night," he promised to come again the next morning.

10. That night a glow-worm passing by stopped to speak to her. "Oh, glow-worm," said she, "I am so happy! A sunbeam has come, and he says he loves me, though I am such a tiny flower; and he is coming again to-morrow!"

11. "Hum!" said the glow-worm, who had seen a good deal of life; "don't be too sure of that. The sunbeam is a great traveler, and is not always to be depended upon."

12. "But he told me he would come soon," said Strawberry-blossom; "and he is so good, I am sure he will keep his word."

13. "Well," said the glow-worm, "I do not know much about him; I am better acquainted with his cousins, the moonbeams. I only give you a word of friendly warning. My advice is to go to sleep and forget all about him. Good night."

LITTLE STRAWBERRY-BLOSSOM.

Part II.

păt′tẽr*e*d	cȯl′or*e*d (ẽrd)	rṳ′bў
splĕn′dor (dẽr)	drĭp′pĭng	strŭg′glĭng
sŭr round′ed	vĭs̱′ĭt or (ẽr)	dou*b*t′ĕd
wȯn′dẽr*e*d	fŏr gŏt′*te*n	ăd mīr*e*′

1. So little Strawberry-blossom went to sleep, and dreamed a bright, happy dream. But, behold! next morning, when she awoke, it was even duller and darker than ever; no sunbeam was there.

2. It was raining hard, and the big drops pattered through the ferns all around her. She had never seen rain before, and wondered what it was. "Kind leaves," said she, "are you weeping for me?" But at this the leaves all laughed.

3. "No, no, little Strawberry-blossom!" they said; "we do not waste our tears on such a poor little silly thing as you. Did you really think that your fine visitor would come back?"

4. Little Strawberry-blossom was broken-

hearted. She could not see beyond her green leaves, and did not know that even then the sun was struggling to break through the clouds.

5. At last he burst forth in all his splendor. The drops of rain caught the sun's rays as they passed to the earth, and there rose over the wood a beautiful rainbow.

6. Little Strawberry-blossom could not see the many-colored bow, but soon she saw her own sunbeam creeping in through the dripping ferns.

7. "Ah, little one!" he said, "did you think I had forgotten you?" and, as she hung her head with shame at having doubted him, he said kindly, "You should have had more faith, little Strawberry-blossom; I was only waiting my time."

8. The sunbeam came again and again; and, surrounded by warmth and love, little Strawberry-blossom grew until she was no longer a pale, sickly flower, but a beautiful crimson berry, shining like a ruby among the dark green leaves.

9. Even the plants around could not help but admire her, and said among themselves, "What can

have happened to little Strawberry-blossom? She is quite changed."

10. "I will tell you who sent me to you," whispered the sunbeam. "It was the glorious sun himself. He is always there, high up in the sky, watching over all; and he sends his children, the sunbeams, to brighten and make glad the earth."

See that little sunbeam
Darting through the room,
Lighting up the darkness,
Scattering the gloom.

Let me be a sunbeam
Everywhere I go,
Making glad and happy
Every one I know.

(Selected.)

THE DOG, THE CAT, AND THE PARROT.

sĕp'ȧ rāt*e*	pŭn'ĭsh*e*d	prŏm*p*t'ly
ŏp pŏr tū'nĭ tȳ	Bōs*e*	Tăb'ĭ thȧ
çĕr't*a*ĭn lȳ	dĭs cŭs'sion (kŭsh ŭn)	pŭz'zl*e*d
pĕr sĭst'ĭng	dē cē*i*v*e*d'	fą*w*n

1. Bose, the dog, Tabitha, the cat, and Poll, the parrot, were alone together. Polly lived in a strong cage, and was expected to stay there, except when she was invited to come out. She was out now, certainly, and the cage door stood open. She was a handsome bird, and a great talker.

2. Bose was a very good fellow, and a useful member of the family. Tabby was a good cat, as cats go. She was fond of milk, and sometimes caught a mouse. She would fawn around you if you had a cooky in your hand, or fly at you with her sharp claws if you chanced to tread on her tail. But she was well enough. Bose and Tabby lived peacefully together. Not a "cat and dog's life" at all, but a friendly sort of life.

3. Polly had tricks that were not agreeable. She would call "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" and when Tabby ran to see why she was wanted, Polly would salute her with a fierce "Scat!" followed by a laugh. And she whistled for Bose so that he was puzzled, and could not tell which was his mistress and which was Polly.

4. Bose and Tabby had been having a little discussion. There stood on the table a sugar-bowl, and some empty cups and saucers. Tabby had wished to climb up on the table, and had put her forepaws on the edge of it, but Bose had said, "No, Tabby, not while I am here!"

5. Tabby knew there was no use in persisting, so she dropped the subject. There was nothing on the table but sugar, and she never ate that. She had thought, however, that there might be some small drops of milk in the cups. Now Bose was fond of sugar, but he was much too honest to touch it without leave.

6. While Bose and Tabby were having their little talk, Polly had flown to the table and had helped herself to a lump of sugar, and was now

sitting on the droplight, talking to herself. "Polly, Polly! Pretty Polly! Good Polly!"

7. "Oh!" said Tabby, "I have a mind to pull out her tail-feathers." Bose said nothing. Perhaps he ought to have objected; but his feelings were so strong against Polly, that he felt almost willing to see her punished a little.

8. When Polly had eaten the sugar, she began to call "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty!" and although Tabby had been deceived before, she allowed herself to think that Polly might possibly have something for her this time; so she promptly obeyed, and was rewarded with the usual "Scat!"

9. "Meow!" said Tabby, as she jumped upon a chair and clawed at Polly's feathers. Polly took no notice of her, but flew to the table for another lump of sugar. Tabby saw her opportunity, sprang after Polly, and seized her by the neck.

10. Bose rushed forward to separate them, and in some way pulled the table-cloth, cups, sugar, parrot, and cat to the floor.

11. Polly feebly muttered, "Polly wants a—" and then closed her eyes and hung her head. "O

Tabby, what have you done!" said Bose, plainly as a dog could say it.

12. "I only meant to pull out her tail-feathers," said Tabby, "but now she is dead, I might as well eat her." "*No!*" said Bose, "I forbid it. Bow-wow!"

13. Tabby carried poor Polly under the table, seated herself on the sofa-cushion, washed her paws, and curled down for a nap. Bose sat on the hearth-rug, mournfully gazing at the scene, and saying to Tabitha, "O Tabby, what have we done! What will mistress say!"

14. "If you'll let me eat Polly she'll think she's lost," said Tabby. "I will not," replied Bose, "so don't think of such a thing. Poor Polly! I wish she were alive and on her perch again."

15. "You do, do you?" said Tabby, "I thought you didn't like her." "I know it," said Bose, "but she was a lively bird."

16. "Yes," said Tabby. "She had bright feathers, too." "How fond mistress was of her!" said Bose. "I suppose she liked to hear her talk," added Tabby.

17. "And well she might. She was a good talker. Worth a dozen of you or me," said Bose. "She could n't purr," said Tabby. "Perhaps she could," said Bose. "Well, there's one thing we can do," said Tabby. "We can take Polly, and put a —"

18. "Cracker! Cracker! Polly wants a cracker!" said a husky voice; and Polly herself crawled from under the table, and flew up on the drop-light. "Polly! Polly! Pretty Polly! Good Polly! Mother! Mother! Never mind! Never mind! Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty! Scat! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" screamed Polly, ending with a laugh.

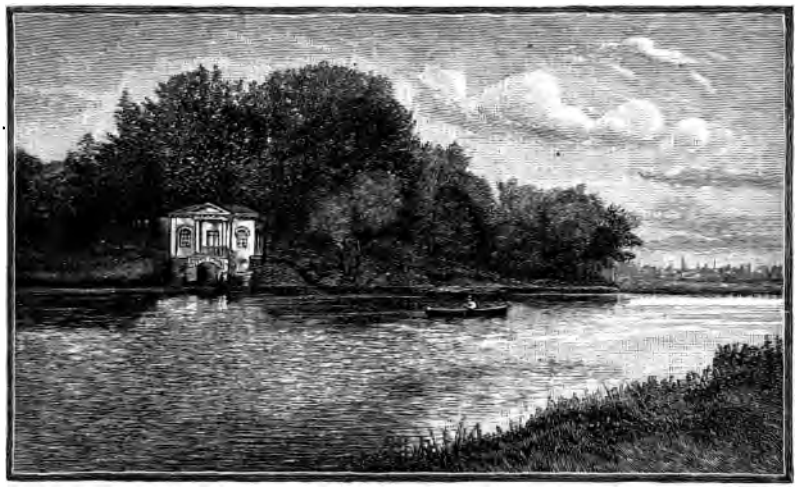
19. While Bose and Tabby stood wrapt in astonishment, the door opened, and in came the mistress. She gazed at the table a moment. "O Bose!" said she, "did you do this mischief?"

20. Bose hung his head and withdrew into a corner, but Tabby came boldly forward with a loud "Purr-meow!" and rubbed against her mistress's dress. "Why, Polly!" said the mistress, as she spied the parrot on her perch, "how did you get out?" and she put her into the cage and

fastened the door. "Never mind! Never mind! Ha, ha, ha!" said Polly.

21. Then the mistress rang the bell, and as the servant came in to put things to rights Bose slipped out. Tabby laid herself on the sofa-cushion, and Polly was presented by her mistress with a large lump of sugar. If Polly the talker could have related to her mistress the whole story, would n't she have been surprised!

ANNIE MOORE.



CHARLES RIVER, NEAR ELMWOOD.

SCHOOL DAYS.

mĭn′nō*w*ṣ	dŭnç*e*	pŏ*c*k′ĕts	stē*e*d
rē cīt′ĕd	wĭl′lō*w*	ăd mīr*e*′	whĭs′*tle*

1. James Russell Lowell went to school in a little house not far from his home. In those days the children began their reading by learning the alphabet. Then they put letters together, saying, a–b *ab*, e–b *eb*, and so on.

2. In this school they recited their lessons in chorus. The teacher seemed to know who had learned them and who had not. If any child

did n't learn his lessons he had to wear a tall dunce cap. There was a high stool, too, for the dunce to sit upon.

3. The good children had pretty cards to carry home. If a child was very good, his teacher let him wear home a silver half dollar hung on a ribbon; but he was to bring it back the next day. Some of the children in this school came from a distance. They stayed all day and brought their dinners in tin pails.

4. What good times these children had at their play! They would bend pins to make fish hooks, and catch little minnows. They played horse, and rode upon sticks cut from the willow bushes.

5. In the springtime their pockets were filled with marbles, and often with balls and tops too. In the fall they gathered horse-chestnuts, and sometimes they dug in wet places for sweet flag-root.

6. Near by was the Charles River with boats sailing over its quiet waters. Sometimes a farmer who often drove along as James was going home, would let him ride with him. The farmer told

him many things, and James admired his horse, which made the old man smile. He told James never to buy a horse that wore four white stockings.

7. The old farmer was a polite man, and always bowed to every one so kindly that James never forgot it. When they reached the lane leading to the house, James would leave the farmer and begin to whistle, and in the fall he would wade through the fallen leaves as he ran up to the house.

8. His mother loved to hear his whistle, for it told her that her dear boy was coming home. His little dog would run to meet him. He would bark and wag his tail for joy when he saw James coming, for he missed his little playfellow.

9. When James became older he went to school to Mr. William Wells. Mr. Wells was a good teacher, and he studied with him for many years.

NORTH WIND AND THE SHIP.

frŏl'ĭc	hĭn'dĕr	rĭp'pl*e*d
spē*e*d	fō*a*m	ĕs cāp*e*'
mȧsts	sprĕ*a*d	nē*e*'dl*e*s

1. "Now for a frolic!" said North Wind, one day. "I want to take a long run, with nothing to hinder me. I'll go out on the ocean. There are no hills or trees there, and I shall have a fine time." So he went out on the sea and began to rush along at great speed.

2. The water rippled and grew white with foam under his footsteps, and the great waves began to rise and toss. "This is fun," said North Wind, and he rushed on for many miles. He was going faster and faster when a ship appeared just

ahead of him. It spread its sails like arms, and caught him.

3. "Let me go," he cried, and tried to tear the sails from the mast. "No, indeed," said the mast. "We have been waiting for you. You must take us home to the shore."

4. North Wind was very angry; but he could not escape, so he drove the ship along before him. As he worked, he talked to the mast. "Where did you come from?" he asked.

5. "I came from a pine forest," said the mast. "When I lived there I was covered with brown bark. I had long branches and beautiful needles, which were my leaves, and they were green both in winter and in summer.

6. "I lived there for many years, and then some men cut me down, and made me into a mast for a ship. I had to say 'Good-bye' to my long branches and my pretty needles; but I am glad to be of some use in the world. Some of the trees are cut into pieces and burned, but I stand as straight as ever."

7. "So you do," muttered North Wind, "and

you put a stop to my fun. I do not care for masts. They make me too much work. If I find any trees like you, I shall blow them down or break them, so they will not be fit for masts."

NORTH WIND AND THE PINE TREES.

här'bor (bĕr)	găl'lȯp (lŭp)	brō'ken
brē*a*the*d*	caught (kạt)	weight (wāt)
whĭrl*ed*	dăsh*ed*	flē*e* çȳ

1. North Wind worked hard, and before many days the ship was safe in the harbor. "Now I am going to find that pine forest," said North Wind, and he went off on a mad gallop.

2. After hunting about for some little time, he came upon a forest of pine trees. They were standing tall and straight, and were green and handsome.

3. "I 'll blow them all down," muttered North Wind, and he rushed upon them with great force. But they let him slip between their branches, and only bowed their tall trunks and whispered to one another.

4. North Wind tried again and again, but after all his efforts the trees were standing straight and strong as before. North Wind stopped to think. "I know what I will do," he said. "You will be sorry that you kept those needles. I will pile them high with snow-flakes, and then your branches will break.

5. "I once saw a forest when the snow had come early, and the leaves were still on the trees. Those leaves caught so many snow-flakes that the branches and some of the trees were broken."

6. Then North Wind began blowing some clouds together, until he had a beautiful, white, fleecy mass. He then breathed upon them with his icy breath, and soon the snow-flakes began to fall.

7. How the wind danced! He blew the snow-flakes upon the pine trees until they were white and their branches bent with the weight. "Ha! ha!" laughed he. "A few more, and crack will go your branches. No one will want you for masts."

8. He took a great armful of the snow-flakes, whirled them about and dashed them upon the

bending branches. Then he gave a roar and rushed upon them.

9. The branches trembled for a moment, and then bending, let the burden of snow slide off to the ground below. The branches spread once more, and the needles stood up as straight as ever.

10. The trees swayed toward one another, and the needles whispered about North Wind, and what fun it was to see him work. As for North Wind, he went home and let the pine trees alone.

Little white Lily sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting till the sun shone.
Little white Lily sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily is lifting her head.

Little white Lily droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting for the wet rain.
Little white Lily holdeth her cup;
Soon is fast falling and filling it up.

Little white Lily smells very sweet,
Dew and sunshine, rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine, thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily is happy again.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

LULU AND HER DOLL MINNIE.

HOW LULU WAS LOST.

squē*ez*ed	vil′lȧġ*e*	dė pärt′ĕd
prĕs̱′*e*nt lў	văn′ĭsh*e*d	ŭn drĕs*se*d′
frī*gh*t′ĕn*e*d	wā*i*l′ĭng	cō*a*x*e*d
rŭb′bĭng	strē*a*k	whĭp′po͝or wĭl*l*s̱

1. Lulu was a little black-eyed girl, with a slight, dancing figure, a delicate face, and a blue and white sun-bonnet. Whoever saw Lulu from

six o'clock in the morning until six in the evening was sure to see that same little sun-bonnet.

2. Lulu must have been about three years old when she "got lost." If you will wait a minute, I will tell you how I know. One day as I sat by my work-table, sewing busily, she came quietly into the room, — Minnie, blue sun-bonnet, and all, — and seated herself in a little chair by my side.

3. I patted the tiny, wistful face, and then turned to my work again. Those button-holes must be finished before dark! After a while the brown head rested against my arm, and at length a low, tearful voice beside me said, "If I had a little girl, just about three years old, I should pet her a great deal!"

4. Down went the work. Button-holes were of small account after *that!* "Pet her a great deal!" Children, Lulu is a tall girl now, taller than any of you; but I do not think she has ever lacked petting from that day to this.

So I know Lulu must have been "just about three years old" when she got lost.

5. A few days after that, as we were all at the tea-table, — Minnie, head downward, squeezed into the high-chair with Lulu, and the sun-bonnet tossed upon the sofa, — the little girl's papa said, "I must drive to the village after tea; could n't I take Lulu with me?"

"O no!" I answered. "It is too late. She must go to bed in half an hour."

6. Lulu opened her eyes wide, but said nothing. Presently she finished her bread and butter, slipped down from her chair, took Minnie (wrong end up, of course) and the sun-bonnet, and vanished.

In half an hour I said to her nurse, "Louise, you had better go and find Lulu. It is time she was undressed."

7. Louise departed; and I heard her out in the yard calling "Lulu! Lulu!" But no sweet, childish voice replied. I traced Louise, by the sound, from swing to garden, from garden to corn-house, from corn-house to barn. Then, growing uneasy, I went out.

8. "What is it, Louise? Can't you find Lulu?"

"No, ma'am," she answered; "I can't find her anywhere."

I rushed to the kitchen. "Mary, have you seen anything of Lulu?"

9. By that time Louise and I had become frightened. Our nearest neighbor was nearly half a mile off, and the child was not in the habit of going to the creek alone.

"Louise," I said, "do you go up the road to Mr. Van Arm's. I'll take Hugh and go down to the creek."

10. We started in different directions as soon as possible. As I passed the barn-yard, I shouted to Hugh, "Hugh, leave your milking, and come with me."

How I hurried down the lane, looking behind every pile of boards, peering beneath every bush, and calling "Lulu! Lulu!" at every step.

11. She was not to be found. There were no traces of her at the creek; no little footprints in the sand, no sign of doll or sun-bonnet. I glanced once, and only once, down into the clear water. I could not look there for my darling,—not yet.

12. It was after sundown, and I hastened back to the house. The whippoorwills were wailing in the woods. The shrill scream of the katydids sounded from the nearer trees. I shivered in the damp night air. But where was Lulu? Oh, if her father were only here!

13. As if in answer to my wish he drove into the yard at that very moment. I flew to his side and told him all there was to tell.

"Don't be frightened, dear," he said. "The darling can't be far off."

14. But half an hour afterward, when there was just a faint streak of daylight in the west, he took my hand in his and led me into the house.

"You can be of no use here," he said. "Go in and stay with little Willie. He needs you."

15. I obeyed him, casting but one glance at his face, which was pale and anxious. Taking the baby from his cradle, I undressed him, my heart growing more and more heavy. Night was darkening the earth, and where was my child, — the one little daughter that God had given me?

16. Louise came in with warm milk for Willie. Her cheeks were wet.

"They 've gone down to the creek again," she said.

That was why I had been coaxed into the house, then. My head sank into my hands, and for the first time that night I wept.

17. But just at that moment the door flew open, and there stood Miss Lulu,—her hair in a tumbled state, a look of sleepy wonder in her great, dark eyes, Minnie tucked under one arm, and the sun-bonnet under the other. I laughed and cried in the same breath.

18. "O Lulu! my child! We thought you were lost, were drowned. Where were you? Where was mamma's darling?"

"I don't know. Asleep, I guess," she said, rubbing her eyes in an absent sort of way.

19. "But your hair is full of straws, and your dress is in such a tumble! Where has Lulu been? Tell mamma!" I added, clasping my treasure closely to my heart, while I covered the little face with kisses. "Where have you been ever since tea?"

"In papa's big wagon, under the seat!"

20. The child had climbed into a great wagon that stood in one corner of the yard, as soon as she left the tea-table; and, feeling tired, had crept under the seat, with Minnie in her arms, and fallen fast asleep. We had passed the wagon at least a dozen times, but she was hidden, and no one thought of looking there.

21. "What did you get into the wagon for?" I asked. "You 'll hurt yourself some time, climbing into all sorts of places."

"Lulu and Minnie going to ride," she said, patting my cheek softly. "Mamma said, 'too late to go to the village with papa.' So we take just a little ride in the big wagon."

The little witch! But that is the way Lulu got lost.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS.

Part I.

dĭs cȯv′ẽred	dḗ tẽr′mĭned	mū′s̱ĭ cal
Brĕm′ĕn	gȧsp′ĭng	dĭs̱′mal
ĕx pē′rĭ ĕnce	ăc cŭs′tȯmed	fū′ġĭ tĭves̱
ĭn tĕn′tion (shŭn)	rōōst′ẽr	prȱ pōs̱′al

1. A donkey who had carried sacks to the mill for his master during many long years, felt his strength fail at last, so that he could no longer work for his living.

2. His master thought of getting rid of his old servant, that he might save the expense of his food. But the donkey discovered his intentions, and determined to run away.

3. So he took the road to Bremen, where he had often heard the street band playing, and he thought he could be as musical as they were.

4. He had not traveled far when he saw a hound lying on the road, and gasping for breath, as if he were tired of running.

"Why are you panting so, friend?" asked the donkey.

5. "Ah," he replied, "now that I am old, and get each day weaker and weaker, I can no more go to the hunt, and my master has ordered me to be killed, so I have run away, but how I am to earn my living I don't know."

6. "Will you go with me?" said the donkey. "Do you know I am going to try my fortune as a street musician in Bremen; I think you and I could easily earn a living by music; I can play the lute, and you can beat the kettle-drum."

7. The dog was quite contented, and so they both walked on together.

Not long after, they saw a cat sitting in the road with a face as dismal as three days of rainy weather.

"Now what has come across you, old cat?" asked the donkey.

8. "How can one be merry when one has a collar on?" said the cat. "Now I am getting old, and my teeth have become stumps, I cannot catch mice, and I like to lie behind the stove and purr, but when I found they were going to drown me and my wife, I ran away as fast as I could. My

experience has cost me dear, and now what am I to do?"

9. "Go with us to Bremen," said the donkey; "you are accustomed to perform night music, I know, so you can easily become a street musician in the town."

"With all my heart," said the cat, so he walked on with them.

10. After traveling some little distance the three friends came to a farm-yard, and on the gate stood a rooster crowing with all his might.

"Why are you standing there and screaming so?" said the donkey.

11. "I will tell you," replied the rooster. "I foretold fine weather at Lady-Day, and there was fine weather, but the housekeeper has no pity, for I heard the cook say that there is company coming on Sunday, and she shall want me put into the soup.

"So this evening I expect to lose my head; therefore I shall crow at the top of my voice as long as I can."

12. "Listen, Red Comb," said the donkey;

"would you like to run away with us? We are going to Bremen, and you will find something better there than to be made into soup; you have a fine voice, and we are all musical by nature."

13. The rooster readily fell in with this proposal, and they all four went away together.

They could not, however, reach Bremen in one day, and evening came on just as they entered a wood, so they decided to stay all night.

14. The donkey and the dog laid themselves down under a large tree, but the cat made himself comfortable on the branches. The rooster flew to the top of the tree, where he felt himself quite safe.

THE TOWN MUSICIANS.

Part II.

pō̇ s̱ĭ′tion (shŭn)	cŏm′răd*e*s̱	cŏn sŭlt′ĕd
ăp prō*a*ch*e*d′	ăc cŏm′plĭsh*e*d	scoun′drĕl

1. Before they slept, the rooster, who from his high position could see to all points of the compass, discovered in the distance a tiny light burning, and calling to his comrades, told them he was sure that they were not far from a house in which a light was shining.

2. "Then," said the donkey, "we must go on to this light, for there is plainly a refuge for us." And the hound said he should be glad of a little piece of meat, or some bones, if he could get nothing else.

3. So they were very soon on their way to the place where the light shone, and it grew larger and brighter as they approached, till they saw that it came from the window of a robber's cave. The donkey, who was the tallest, went near and looked in.

4. "What is to be seen, old donkey?" said the rooster.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey; "why, a table laid out with plenty to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it and enjoying themselves."

5. "That ought to be our supper," said the rooster.

"Yes, yes," the donkey replied, "if we were only inside." Then the animals consulted together as to what they had better do to drive the robbers away; at last they fixed upon a plan.

6. The donkey was to stand on his hind legs and place his fore feet on the window-sill, and the dog to stand on his back. The cat was then to climb on the dog; and, above them all, the rooster promised to fly and perch on the cat's back.

7. As soon as this was done, at a signal given, they all began to perform their music together. The donkey brayed, the hound barked, the cat mewed, and the rooster crowed.

The robbers, hearing such a horrible outcry above them, fled in great terror to the wood behind the house.

8. Then our four comrades rushed in, placed themselves near or upon the table, and took whatever was before them, which the robbers had left, and ate as if they had been hungry for a month.

When the four musicians had finished, they put out the light, and each found the sleeping-place most easy and suitable to his nature and habits.

9. The donkey laid himself down at full length in the yard, the dog crouched behind the door, the cat rolled himself up on the hearth among the warm ashes, while the rooster perched on the beam in the roof; and they were all so tired with their long journey that they were soon fast asleep.

10. About midnight, one of the robbers from a distance, seeing that the light was out and all quiet, told their chief, who said —

"I do not think there has been any cause for fear after all."

Then he called one of their number and sent him to the house to see if it was all right.

11. The messenger, finding everything still, went into the kitchen to strike a light, and seeing the glaring fiery eyes of the cat looking like

a live coal, held a match towards them that he might set fire to it. But puss flew up, spit on him, and scratched his face.

12. This frightened him so terribly that he rushed to the door; but the dog, who lay there, sprang out upon him and bit him in the leg as he went by.

13. In the court he ran against the donkey, who gave him a kick with his hind foot, while the rooster on the beam, aroused by the noise, became alive and brisk in a moment, and cried out as loudly as he could, "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

14. Then the robber ran back as fast as he could to his chief.

"Ah, me," he said, "in that house is a horrible witch who flew at me, and scratched me down the face with her long fingers. Then by the door stood a man with a knife who stabbed me in the leg.

15. "Out in the court lay a black monster who struck me a violent blow with his wooden leg; and up in the roof sat the judge who cried, 'Bring me the scoundrels here.' On that I made off as fast as possible."

16. From the moment that they heard this, the robbers never again entered the house, but escaped as quickly from the place as they could. The four musicians found themselves in such good quarters that they would not leave, and the last heard of them was, that they intended to remain there.

GRIMM BROTHERS.

THE OWL.

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round;
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE WILLOWS NEAR ELMWOOD.

LOWELL'S YOUTH.

wĭt'tȳ	course (kōrs)	Blȧnch*e*
mĕr'çĭ fụl	lạ*w*'yĕr	pĭ ăz'zȧ
hĭn'dĕrs̱	strĕ*t*ch	prăc'tĭç*e*

1. When James Russell Lowell was fifteen years old, he entered Harvard College.

He learned his lessons very easily, but liked to read poetry better than to study.

2. Elmwood was full of books and James had soon learned to read them. His mother was a help to him in choosing his books and talking

of them to him. He admired noble men and women, and grand thoughts.

He was very quick and bright, and made witty answers; but was always kind-hearted. He was a good son and a firm friend.

3. He wrote very good letters, and often put his thoughts into verse.

After his course at Harvard, he went to the Law School and intended to be a lawyer; but he loved poetry better than the law books, and soon gave up his practice.

4. His first book of poems was written in 1840, when he was twenty-one years of age. It was called "A Year's Life."

About this time, Mr. Lowell, as we must call him now, met a young lady named Maria White. She was beautiful and good, and he loved her dearly.

5. She had a sweet voice and used to sing and recite verses. When the young people were together they often said, "Maria, will you sing for us?"

Then she would sing some sweet song as they

sat out under the trees or on the piazza. Sometimes she answered, "I would rather say than sing," and then recited some poem. She wrote poems also.

6. She and Mr. Lowell were married in 1845. Mrs. Lowell was a lovely lady, and Elmwood was a very happy home with her sweet life in it. She was gentle and fair as a lily, and seemed to make everything she touched more beautiful.

7. A dear little baby was born at Elmwood. Her name was Blanche. She was a happy baby and soon learned to know her father, who loved to take care of her.

8. "Our little Blanche is everything to us," he wrote to a friend. "She almost hinders me from doing anything but tend and look at her. She is said by everybody to be a fine child." He said it was worth going a long distance to see her in the morning. She would stretch out her hands for her father and smile from her lips to her eyelids. Her hair was so golden that Mr. Lowell said the light of Heaven was in it.

9. Little Blanche lived for about a year. Then

God took her. Mr. Lowell missed his dear little baby very much. He hung her shoes over her picture in his study, and thought very often of his dear little one.

10. One morning when Mr. Lowell looked from his window, he saw a beautiful sight. The snow had been falling all night and was heaped upon the trees and fences. A flock of snow-birds flew by like a whirl of brown leaves.

11. His daughter Mabel looked up into her father's face saying, "Father, who makes it snow?" He took her in his arms and told her how God sends the snow to cover the roots, sleeping through the winter.

12. Then he thought how God helped him to bear his sorrow hour by hour, as the snow-flakes fall, and whispered,—

> . . . "The merciful Father
> Alone can make it fall."

Then he kissed his little girl, and she kissed him; but his eyes were looking beyond to the churchyard, and the kiss was for Baby Blanche.

A MORNING SCENE AFTER A FIRST SNOW-FALL.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

glō*a*m'ĭng	ē*a*rl	rĭ*d*ge*d*
ĕr'mĭn*e*	flŭr'ries (rĭz)	Chăn'tĭ clē*e*r
hī*gh*'wā*y*	mound	lĕ*a*d'*e*n

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
  And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
  With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
  Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
  Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
  Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down
  And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
  The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
  Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
  Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
  As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spake our own little Mabel,
  Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
  Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
  And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
  When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience
  That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
  The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
  "The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
  Alone can make it fall!"

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
  And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
  Folded close under deepening snow.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Read Longfellow's "The Two Angels." References to Lowell's children may be found in his poems called "She Came and Went," and "The Changeling."

THE BOY WHO TRIED.

ġĕn'tl*e* m*a*n	news'(nūz) pā' pĕrṣ	ẽ*ar*'nĕst
hăp'p*e*n *e*d	brĕ*a*k'f*a*st	yĕs'tĕr dā*y*
prăc'tĭs *e*d	sĭt ū ā'tion (shŭn)	ăd vĕr'tĭṣ*e* mĕnt

1. Some time ago there was a gentleman in Boston who was in business and had a large store. He wanted a boy, and he put an advertisement in the newspapers. The next morning, about nine o'clock, a dozen boys had come to the gentleman's office, to apply for the situation.

2. The gentleman went in, and looked at them. They were all nice-looking boys, tidy and earnest. They looked as if they really wanted to get something to do. He hardly knew how to make up his mind which one to take.

3. So at last he said, "Boys, you all want this place; but I can take only one of you; and I am going to take rather a queer way of finding out which boy I will have."

4. There was a post by his desk, and there was a nail driven straight in. He took a walking-stick and said, "The first boy that can strike

that nail on the head with this stick twice out of three times shall have the place."

5. One boy jumped up; he thought it was very easy;—"I will do it." He got the stick, and walked steadily up. Whack! on that side. He walked up again. Whack! on this side. He walked up again. Whack! and he went under it, and gave it up. They all tried, and none of them could do it. So the gentleman said, "Boys, you won't do; I cannot take any of you," and they went off.

6. He kept the advertisement in the papers, and the next morning another lot of boys came, and among them he saw one who had been there the day before; and he said, "My lad, were n't you here yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"You did not hit the nail then," said the gentleman; "can you hit it now?"

"I think I can"; and with that the boy took the stick and walked straight up. Whack! He struck it plump on the head!

7. "Ah," said the gentleman, "you just happened to do it that time; you can't do it again."

Whack! plump on the head of it, went the stick the second time.

"Now, do it again," said the man.

Whack! plump on the head he struck it the third time!

"Well," said the gentleman, "will you tell me how you did that?"

8. "Yes," said the boy; "when I left here yesterday, I knew the thing could be done, or you would not have asked us to do it; and I thought that if I kept on trying a while, I could do it. So I went home, and got mother to give me a hammer, a nail, and a broomstick. I went into the yard, drove a nail into the fence, and practised all day with the broomstick, till I could do it; and I was up an hour before breakfast this morning, and tried again."

9. The gentleman said, "You are the boy for me," and gave him the situation. Whatever the boy had to do he tried to do his best; and it was not very long before he became the chief clerk in the store.

REV. RICHARD NEWTON.

LOWELL'S MANHOOD.

Spā*i*n	Wā'vĕr l*e*ў	Lȯn'dȯn
cŏn'st*a*nt	prō fĕs'*s*or (ĕr)	mȯnth'lў
nō'tĭç*e*d	prĕs'ĭ d*e*nt	strĕngth
măg ȧ zine'(zēn)	căs cād*e*'	lĭn'gĕr

1. Mr. Lowell's life at Elmwood was very happy. He spent many hours writing books of prose and poetry. His wife was a constant help to him, because of her loving interest in his work.

2. He took many long walks, sometimes following the Charles River or wandering in the woods by Fresh Pond.

He liked to climb the hills, visit the old oaks at Waverley, or to linger beside the cascade at Beaver Brook.

3. While taking these walks, he noticed the birds, trees, and flowers. He knew the birds by their notes, the color of their feathers, and the way in which they flew through the air.

4. In 1851 he and his wife went abroad for a year. Mrs. Lowell was not well, and he hoped the

trip would give her strength, but she died not long after her return.

On the night when she died a little baby was born in Mr. Longfellow's home, and this kind-hearted poet wrote a touching poem on the event and called it "The Two Angels." The angel of life came to Mr. Longfellow's home while the angel of death came to that of his friend and neighbor.

5. Mr. Lowell took Mr. Longfellow's place as professor at Harvard College, first going abroad to study.

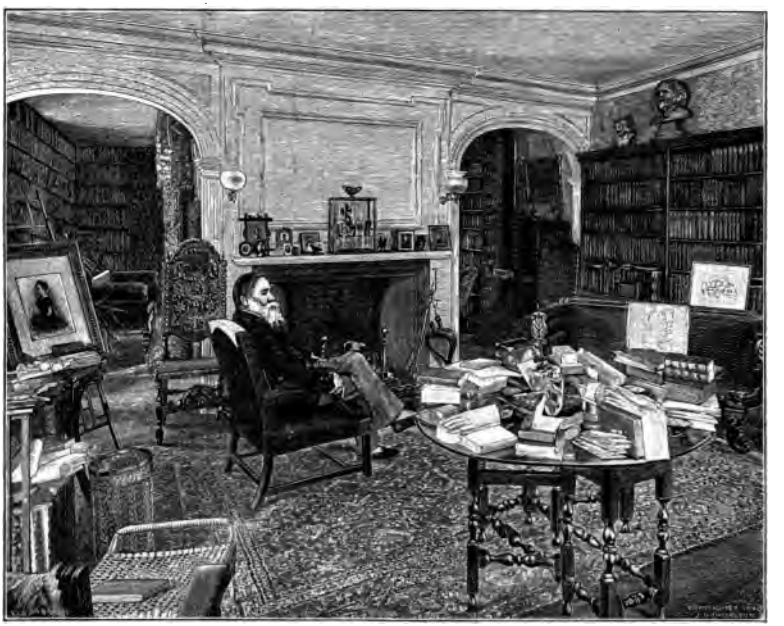
Several years later he became editor of a magazine called the "Atlantic Monthly."

When Mr. Hayes was president, Mr. Lowell was sent to Spain and later to London as Minister from the United States.

6. He loved his country and served it well for six years. He then came to America and spent his summers with his daughter, going back to England for the winter.

7. When his grandsons were ready for college, Mr. Lowell went with his daughter to the old

home at Elmwood; but it seemed a lonely place to him, for he missed many dear faces.



MR. LOWELL IN HIS LIBRARY AT ELMWOOD.

8. He died at his home in Cambridge in August, 1891. He has left many friends who never saw his face, but who learned to know him through his writings.

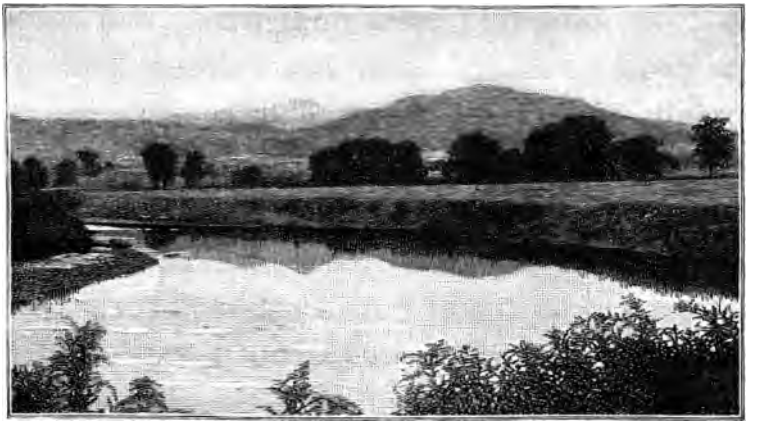
JULIA C. R. DORR.

This is a picture of Mrs. Dorr. Her home is in Rutland, Vermont, on a hillside near Otter Creek. All about the house grow maple trees, and she calls her home "The Maples." The view of the Green Mountains from her house is very beautiful.

The story called, "How Lulu was lost," on page twenty-five, was written by Mrs. Dorr. Lulu, who now has children of her own, is her only daughter.

The next story, about "Our Fanny," was also written by this charming writer.

Mrs. Dorr has written many beautiful poems and stories.



A VIEW ON THE RIVER BELOW "THE MAPLES."

OUR FANNY.

Part I.

dĭs trăct'ing	fôrt'nī*gh*t	ăs çĕnd'ĕd
ĕx tĕnd'ĕd	clŭs'tĕr*e*d	bound'ed
rē flĕct'ĕd	prĕp ȧ rā'tion (shŭn)	pōrt fō' lĭ ō

1. Once for a whole fortnight it was very still at The Maples. Everything was in a state of order. Not a chair was out of place. The rug lay undisturbed upon the hearth, and the tables did

not need dusting from one day's end to another. The truth was, that Lulu and Willie and Harry, with their papa and their big brother, had gone to visit uncles and aunts and cousins a great way off.

2. Mamma was not well enough to go on a journey with such a party of little people. So she helped pack the trunks and the lunch-basket, buttoned up coats and cloaks about the eager, dancing figures that could scarcely keep still the while, kissed all the little faces, — said good-bye to everybody, and then seated herself at the little table in the library to write a story.

3. But she found the stillness more distracting than the patter of tiny feet and the murmur of childish voices. The brain children, both little and big, with whom she had to deal, would do and say just the things they should not have done and said. So at last she closed her portfolio in despair, and, hunting up her knitting work, determined to wait until her own real flesh-and-blood children, with their bright eyes and rosy cheeks, should come home again.

4. The fortnight came to an end at last, and one chilly evening in March, Mick drove to the depot to meet the returning travelers. The train was on time, and ere long carriage wheels slowly ascended the hill. Presently there was a rush, a murmur, a bursting open of the door; and a small whirlwind of coats, cloaks, extended arms, and laughing faces came in with the night air.

After all, it was a great deal better than the going away.

"Is n't it funny?" said Willie. "We were so glad to go, and now we are ever so much more glad to come back!"

5. "O mamma! we 've got her! we 've got her!" shouted little Harry, trying to free himself from his muffler.

"Yes, and she is just the dearest little thing!" said Lulu, tossing her muff on the sofa.

"That 's so!" cried Willie. "Mamma, you never saw such a pretty little creature in all your life."

"Just about as tall as I," added Harry, in his turn.

6. "A brown coat," continued Willie.

"The tiniest little feet," persisted Harry.

"You 'll want to put your arms right round her neck and pet her," cried Lulu. "Cousin Jule did."

"Her name is Fanny," said they all in one breath.

"And all her things are coming! She 's got—"

Here Master Will paused, for papa began to laugh at mamma's look.

7. "Whatever are you all talking about?" the latter asked at length. "Name Fanny; brown coat; tiny feet; as tall as Harry, and all her clothes coming! What—"

"O mamma! I did n't say *clothes*, I said *things*," cried Willie, with a scream of laughter.

"But she 's coming to-morrow, truly," said Lulu gravely.

"Who? What are you talking about? Has Lulu found the little sister she has been hunting for, so many years?"

"Why, mamma! don't you know, really?" shouted one and all. "We thought papa had written you all about it."

8. Mamma shook her head. A hush fell upon the laughing group.

Then Lulu said, "Don't let us tell her, boys, and she will be so surprised to-morrow."

"Agreed," said Willie. "But then there's Harry. He's so little, he'll be sure to tell. He can't keep a secret."

"Ho! see if I can't," said Harry, straightening himself up. "I can keep a secret just as well as if I was bigger."

"I'll trust Harry," said Lulu, laying her hand lovingly upon his head. "The real trouble is, that papa always tells mamma everything."

9. Papa laughed. "Too true, little daughter. But I won't betray you this time."

"Won't you tell, truly now?" and the light figures clustered about him like bees about a flower.

"Not a word; mamma shall be surprised to-morrow."

"But, mamma," whispered Lulu, as she came for her good-night kiss, "it is n't the little sister. I only wish it was."

OUR FANNY.

Part II.

dē̇ lī*gh*t′	ĕx ăm′ĭn*e*	ĭn dĭf′fĕr *e*nç*e*
fȧ mĭl′iar (yĕr)	ȧ băsh*e*d′	crē*a*′tŭ̇r*e*
ĭn trō̇ dūç*e*′	nĭb′blĭng	sȯm′ĕr sa*u*lt

1. The next morning, at least three children in this world were up early.

"Is the clock right, mamma?" asked Willie, as he rose from the breakfast table. "Seems to me it is too slow. Only eight o'clock."

"Perfectly right, my son. Why do you think it too slow?"

"I think he is in a hurry to surprise you, mamma," said little Harry. "Papa says he is to go to the depot at eleven o'clock."

"To meet your new friend?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply; and Harry ran off to Lulu. But he need not have been uneasy. Mamma was quite willing to be surprised.

2. Half past eight. Nine. Half past nine. Ten. How slowly the hours passed! But at *length* it was half past ten.

"There, mamma! now it is really time for Willie to go to the depot," cried Lulu. "Here, Will, here are your cap and mittens."

3. With a spring Willie bounded down the hill, and was soon out of sight.

"There's the train! I hear the whistle," said Lulu. "O, I do hope Willie has got there! Fanny will be so frightened if—" then with a quick glance at mamma, she finished in a whisper.

4. In about half an hour there was a great clapping of hands.

"There they come! there they come! But, O mamma, don't come to the window yet, — not quite yet, please!"

"Never you fear," was the laughing reply; "you can call me when you want me."

5. So Lulu and Harry went out to meet Willie. There were little shouts of laughter and hurried whispers; but mamma never so much as glanced toward the window. She was to be surprised for once in her life, if such a thing were possible. Presently Lulu entered.

6. "Now, mamma, we want you to come and be introduced to Fanny. She is here waiting."

"Why did n't you bring her in and take off her bonnet first?" asked mamma. "She must be cold."

Harry clapped his hands over his mouth, but in spite of that a laugh found its way out between his fingers.

7. The children led mamma out on the piazza, and there stood Willie holding Fanny, not by the hand, but by the — bridle!

"Now did n't we tell you so, mamma?" the children began all at once. "Is n't she just the dearest little thing? and has n't she a brown coat? and tiny little feet? And see her head is just as high as Harry's, and she is as good-natured as a kitten. Not a bit afraid of the cars, — O you dear little Fanny!"

8. Mamma did not wonder that they were delighted. There the new-comer stood, — a dear little Shetland pony about as large as a sheep, brown as a berry, with a long mane and tail, lifting her small feet daintily, but so gentle, that even wee Harry might caress her without fear

of a kick or a bite. The dear mother was astonished, and she admired the pretty creature until the children were satisfied.

9. "But where are her 'things'?" she asked at length. "Did not the young lady bring them with her?"

"They are all at the depot," Willie exclaimed, "but you see I could not bring them. Mamma! there 's a real buggy, painted red, white, and blue, with such funny little wheels! and a harness, and a saddle, and a whip, and everything! O dear, I really am afraid I shall go crazy!" and, dropping the bridle, the boy turned a somersault in his delight.

10. A world of new delight was opened to the children at The Maples. The next summer was one never to be forgotten. Long before the June roses faded, the little people had become quite familiar with the art of horsemanship. Very early in the morning, mamma would hear light footsteps in the chamber overhead; and, more than half asleep herself, she would turn over, and say, "Lulu is preparing for a ride this morning."

11. "Lulu is going to saddle the pony herself, this morning," would be the next thought; and sure enough, in a very short time Fanny would appear, "All saddled, all bridled, all fit for the ride," every strap in the right place, and every buckle fastened by her young mistress's own small fingers.

12. Lulu would mount and away! Cantering fearlessly over the quiet country roads, — now following the windings of our beautiful Otter Creek, now looking up with wonder at majestic Killington, rosy purple and crowned with golden glory. Then she would come home to breakfast, as bright and happy as the summer day.

13. Then there was the buggy, with two seats, just large enough to hold four children. It was almost better than riding, because Fanny could not carry double, and each little rider must go alone; and sometimes they all wanted to ride at once.

14. One day mamma sat at the window in the back parlor. Suddenly she heard a queer little tread upon the piazza floor, and, lifting her

head, she found a brown nose close to her own; with Master Harry upon her back, Miss Fanny was taking a survey of matters and things indoors.

"O mamma! may n't I ride right into the house? The pony is so little, — do let me, please!"

Mamma reflected, and said, "Yes, come in."

15. So in they came at the kitchen door, — the little hoofs making a strange "tramp, tramp," upon the floor, — through the dining-room and into the parlor. Do you think Miss Fanny was abashed by her position and surroundings? Not a bit of it. She was as much at ease as her young master himself. Very quietly she marched about, caring for carpets as little as for straw.

16. A piano was rather a new thing, to be sure; but what of that? It was no better, and not half as useful, as her stall. She snuffed at the books on the table, viewed the pretty things with an air of wise indifference, walked into the hall and examined the hat-stand for a minute or so, then came back through dining-

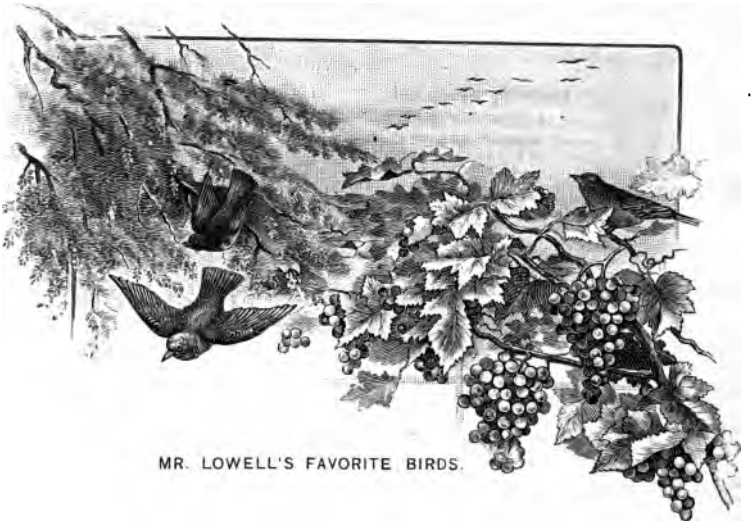
room and kitchen, marched down the steps and betook herself to nibbling grass — wise little Fanny.

17. If our Fanny ever dies, the children at The Maples will sit in sackcloth and ashes. But love is never lost, even that which is lavished upon a poor dumb beast. And, when the parting hour arrives, they may feel, as others have felt before them, that it is

> "Better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE CHILDREN'S SHETLAND PONY, FANNY.



MR. LOWELL'S FAVORITE BIRDS.

MR. LOWELL AND THE BIRDS.

ŏp′ẽr ȧ	blū*e*′jā*y*s̱	ạl thō*ugh*′
crĭp′pl*e*d	chĕr′rĭ*e*s̱	clīm*b*ed
wōv′*e*n	strŭg′gl*e*s̱	răv′*e*l ĭngs̱
frē*e*d	mȧ tē′rĭ *a*l	ō′rĭ ōl*e*

1. Mr. Lowell loved birds, and there were many which lived in the trees about his home. He enjoyed seeing them build their nests, and some of them learned to know him and were quite tame. He used to look at them through an opera glass, and one year he watched a pair of tiny humming birds rear their little ones.

2. Mr. Lowell was much interested in the robins. They used to eat his cherries, but he would rather have robins about his home than keep the cherries.

He once had a new grape vine, which he was watching, as he wished to surprise his wife with the grapes when they were ripe. One morning he took his basket and went to gather them; but the robins had been there and had left only one bunch.

3. Mr. Lowell laughed, and the robins chattered gaily over the joke. They liked those grapes best. The robins drove away the blue-jays, which used to build in the pine trees, and Mr. Lowell was sorry to have them go. Their feathers were so bright, and they chattered to each other in such a funny way.

4. A family of blue-jays was once living in a pine tree near by, and Mr. Lowell noticed that there was a fluttering of what seemed to be full-grown wings in the nest.

He climbed the tree, although the old birds tried to drive him away. When he reached the

nest, he found that the birds had woven a piece of coarse thread into it. Three of the little birds were caught by the thread and could not fly. Two of them were crippled by their struggles to leave the nest.

5. Mr. Lowell cut the thread and freed them. He saw the bird that was unhurt fly to a tree near by, and about a week later he met one of the crippled birds hopping on the pine walk.

There were many orioles about the garden. They hung their swinging nests from the tips of the elm branches.

6. One year, when the canker-worms ate all the leaves from the elms, the orioles built new nests on the ash and button-wood trees. They were very bold about getting material for their nests, and would strip off the bark from a honeysuckle which grew over the front door. One nest was lined with the brightest colored ravelings of a woolen carpet.

Mr. Lowell said the birds seemed to feel that they owned Elmwood, and were kind enough to let him live there.

7. This kind-hearted author wrote a charming piece entitled "My Garden Acquaintance." It is a delightful essay which tells us about the every-day life of the more common birds about Elmwood.

I am sure you will wish to read all of this piece when you are older, but now you should ask some one to read to you what is said in it about the robins and the blue-jays.

THE ROMAN SLAVE.

ĕn′tĕred	fŏre′*hĕa*d	săv′ăġe
çĭr′cŭs	shout′ĕd	sprăng

1. In old Rome there were many slaves. Some of them had been taken in war. Their state was a very sad one, for at any time their masters might kill them. Often they had a brand put on their foreheads.

2. One day a slave ran away. He had a long way to go to get to his home. After many

days he came to a wild place. Here he found a cave, in which he thought he might hide for a time.

3. Just as he entered the cave, he heard a lion roar. This put him in great fear. But when the lion saw him, it came to him, and put up its paw on the man's knee. The lion was in much pain.

4. The slave took hold of the paw, and on the under side he found that a large thorn had run into the lion's foot. He drew out the thorn. The lion stood still till it was done. Then its paw was easy, and the lion licked the man's hands.

5. The slave was very weak, and hid in the cave some days. But he was in need of food, and he went out to look for some. He was met in the wood by some one who knew he was a slave by the brand on his forehead.

By him he was sent back to Rome. His master gave orders that he should be taken to the circus and given to the wild beasts.

6. He was put into the open space. In a

den on one side was a lion which had been caught a few days before. It had been kept without food to make it more savage.

When the door of the den was opened, the lion sprang out with a loud roar; but when it saw the man, it crept up to him and licked his hands.

7. It was the lion from whose foot he had taken the thorn.

The people clapped their hands, and shouted to have the slave set free. This was done, and the lion was given to the man. It went about with him as a faithful dog would have done.

"One gentle word that we may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle, poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?"

(Selected.)

HOW JAPANESE CHILDREN CARRY THEIR LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BOYS AND GIRLS IN JAPAN.

Part I.

nā′tĭve̱s	ăt tĕn′tion (shŭn)	ăc çĕpt′
quar′ (kwŏr) rĕl	Jăp ȧ nē̱se′	ȧ mū̱se′ments
ĕx ăm′ĭned	ăl′phȧ bĕt	ō bē′dĭ ent

1. Not long ago, I spent several months in Japan. I was making a visit to an English family, who had lived there a long time, and at their house I met many of the natives.

2. When I came to visit their homes, I liked the children so much, that I used to talk to

them and play with them whenever I could get the chance.

3. These children are very gentle, and while young are taught to be perfectly obedient. Teachers say that they have no trouble in keeping their scholars quiet; and, as they pay close attention to all that is said to them, teaching in Japan is easy work.

4. Children in Japan learn when very young to amuse themselves. They are taught the rules of each game which they play; and when there is a doubt on any point, instead of having a quarrel about it, the eldest child present decides the matter.

5. If I brought candy for them, they would first ask their father or mother if they might accept it. When consent was given, they smiled and bowed very politely, and then offered a piece of the candy to all present before eating any themselves.

6. They are never rude in their play. They never run, or jump, or roll, or shout; and for this reason, it always seemed to me that they did

not enjoy themselves so much as children do in our country.

7. How would you like to have lessons during holidays? These children have tasks at that time, and in the evening I have heard the hum of their voices along the street as they studied their lessons. Their classes are examined at the beginning of the school-term, instead of at the close.

8. I took much interest in their games, and I will tell you about some of them. Kite-flying is one of the chief amusements. The boys also make water-wheels, which they place in the streams of swift water, that run in the streets. These give motion to many different kinds of toys.

9. In one house where I stayed there were twelve children, and every evening they played a game with alphabet-cards. At the end of the game, the one who had the last card was the loser.

10. If the loser was a girl, she had a small bunch of straw put into her hair; if a boy, he had some ink put on his face. They played quickly, but were always perfectly polite and gentle.

11. The grown people sat watching the children at their game; for the Japanese are very fond of their little ones, and show their love more, perhaps, than any other people.

BOYS AND GIRLS IN JAPAN.

Part II.

fĕs′tĭ v*a*l	g*u*ĕst	cō′cō*a*
scär′lĕt	gĭr′dl*e*	trā*i*ts
cȯm′pȧ nў	swạl′lō*w*ed	tī′tl*e*

1. The Japanese often take their children to picnics or festivals; they often buy or make them new toys, and, indeed, are never happier than when in their company. I have seen more than a dozen fathers, each with his baby, which he was proudly showing off to the others.

2. With all their love, they do not spoil their children, though most of their punishments are very light.

Once I went to a party given by a little girl named Haru. Haru means "spring." Some of the little girls who were present had names that meant "blossom," "snow," "silver," and so on.

3. The party began at three o'clock in the afternoon. The guests, on entering the house, were met at the door by Haru and taken to the parlor. When all were there, she and her mother offered them tea and sweetmeats.

4. The tea proved to be very weak and almost colorless. It is the custom in Japan to offer it to every visitor, and the kettle is always kept boiling. It is made like cocoa, the leaves being ground to powder, and swallowed with the tea.

The little girls were very careful to call one another by the title that means "Miss."

5. They played till dark; and before they went home, tea and sweetmeats were again served on little trays. It is not thought polite to refuse or leave any article of food, and some of the little ladies slipped into their wide sleeves what they could not eat.

6. I will tell you how Haru was dressed. Her black hair was drawn back from the forehead, raised in front, and gathered into a loop at the back with some scarlet crape.

7. Her face and throat were white with powder, and her lips had been touched with red paint. She wore a loose dress of blue flowered silk, made all in one piece, with sleeves that touched the floor, a blue girdle, white socks, and clogs.

8. With all the good traits of these children — which other boys and girls might well copy — they seemed to me to be old in their ways for young people. I much prefer our own children, even if they do sometimes make a great noise.

(Selected.)

THE GOLD DOLLAR.

Part I.

pär′çĕl	coin	sē′crĕt
grō′çĕr	th*i*ēf	rō*a*d′sīd*e*
stē*a*l	dŏl′lar (lĕr)	spĕnd

1. "When I was but eight years old," said an old gentleman, "my father and mother sent me to live with a farmer who was to keep me till I grew to be a man. The farmer made me work very hard, and gave me but very little money to spend.

2. "I sometimes had a few cents, but I wanted very much to have a gold coin of my own. Now I will tell you how I got a gold dollar once and what I did with it.

3. "One night my master sent me to the grocer's in the village to buy some things for him, and as I was returning home I saw a little parcel lying on the roadside.

4. "I picked it up and looked inside the paper, but I could find nothing; and I was just on

the point of throwing it away, when something dropped out of it and fell with a ringing sound upon a stone.

5. "I looked at it, picked it up, and felt it. It was yellow and round, and I put it into my pocket and went home.

"As I walked along, I pulled it out every two or three minutes to look at it again; but when I met any one, I at once put it out of sight.

6. "When I reached home I did not tell the farmer's family that I had found a gold coin. I would not have had them know of it for the world. But what was I to do with it? It seemed to me that my face told of my secret. I kept awake half the night, and I felt unhappy the next morning.

7. "The farmer said at the breakfast table, 'Robert, I want you to go to Mr. Day's this morning, and ask him if he can come and work for me to-day and to-morrow.'

"On my way to Mr. Day's house I kept thinking about the money, and said to myself that if I were found out I should be called a thief.

8. "But then I said again to myself, 'If I do not know who the loser is, how can I give him his money?

"'It is only because I am afraid Farmer Gray will take it from me that I hide it, that's all. I would not steal; and if the loser should ask me for it, I would give it to him at once.'"

THE GOLD DOLLAR.

Part II.

scōld′ĕd	ĕr′rand	nō′tĭçed
nĭck′el	rĭch′ĕs̱	dē̤ s̱ẽrve′
clāimed	dĭs hŏn′ĕs tў	

1. "The gold was like a heavy stone, and I was not so happy with my riches as I had been with a nickel which Farmer Gray had given me some weeks before. Nobody had claimed the nickel, and I had been as happy as a king.

2. "Mr. Day was not at home, so I went back again. I saw Mr. Easton's horse standing at the gate, and I was frightened; for Mr. Easton was a

policeman, and I thought he had come to take me to jail. So I hid in the garden until he went away.

3. "When I went in, Farmer Gray looked very angry, and I thought he knew all about the money. But he only scolded me for having been so long upon my errand.

"Then I went to work in the fields, with the gold in my pocket, and several times I took it out to look at it. I was very unhappy.

4. "At night I was sent again to see Mr. Day. This time he was at home, and he said that he would come next day to work for Farmer Gray. It was dark as I went home, and I was afraid of robbers. I never felt so cowardly in my life, and all because I had something that did not belong to me.

5. "Mr. Day came early next morning. I will tell you something about him. He was an honest but poor man, and had to work very hard to get food enough for his large family.

"Farmer Gray was a kind man, and asked him to come in and have some breakfast with Mrs. Gray and himself.

6. "While they were eating their breakfast Mr. Day told Farmer Gray that he had lost a gold dollar.

"He said it was the only one he had in the world, and that he had lost it as he was going home from work. It was tied up in a piece of paper.

7. "Oh, how I jumped, to be sure, when Mr. Day told of his loss! The blood started to my cheeks; but as all eyes were turned on Mr. Day, I was not noticed. However, I took the money out of my pocket, and, holding it up, I said, 'Is this yours, Mr. Day?'

8. "No one can tell how pleased I felt then. Farmer Gray patted me on the head and called me a good boy; and although I felt I did not deserve all the kind things he said to me, I nearly cried for joy at having been saved from dishonesty."

THE HORSE.

prey (prā)	fā'vor (vẽr) ĭt*e*	f*i*ērç*e*
băt'tl*e*	hụr räh'	strōk*e*d
Lȯn'dȯn	sŭd'dĕn lȳ	mō'm*e*nts

1. The horse is a noble, useful animal. He is gentle, and willing to work. He is not made to hunt his prey like the wolf or the lion, but to be of use to man.

The horse loves his master, and soon learns to know him. A story is told of a soldier who had a favorite horse that never seemed so happy as when his master was on his back.

2. At last, in a fierce battle, the soldier was killed, and fell from his horse. When his body was found some days afterwards, the faithful animal was still standing beside it.

During that long time, the horse had not left the body of his master. Without food or water, he had stood over it, driving away the birds of prey. Was he not a noble animal?

3. Let me tell you another story about a horse. Once a poor soldier was passing along,

a street in London. Suddenly he stopped, and looked for some time at a horse on the other side of the street.

"I know him! I know him!" cried he, as he ran across the street. "He is the horse I rode in the war. Dear old fellow!"

4. The horse seemed to know the voice. He laid back his ears, and rubbed his nose against the hand that stroked him so kindly.

After a few moments, the poor soldier put his hand in his pocket; and as he did so he said, "Yes, he shall have it, though it were my last penny! I have enough to buy him a meal of oats."

5. Away he went to bring it; and in a few minutes he came back with the oats, and stood kindly feeding the horse with his own hand.

He then went his way, saying to the driver as he left, "Be good to him, poor fellow! and use him well."

6. It was a beautiful sight; and it was no wonder that some little boys who stood near cried out, "Hurrah!" when they saw the poor soldier's kindness to his old friend.

STORIES OF DOGS.

Part I.

sẽrv'*a*nt	bur'(bĕr)ĭ *a*l	fā*i*th'fụl
foun't*a*ĭn	sĕv'*e*nth	săd'dl*e*d
slĭp'pẽrs̱	slŭnk	lē*a*p*e*d
bụ*t*ch'ẽr	Scŏt'tĭsh	stā'tion (shŭn)

1. The dog is, more than any other animal, the servant, the companion, and the friend of man.

Even after his master's death his love continues. Dogs have been known to refuse to leave their masters' graves.

2. Some years ago, a poor man died in a large city. His dog followed the body to the burial-place. Next morning he was found lying on the new-made grave. Though driven away several times, he always returned.

Taking pity on the faithful animal, the keeper of the ground gave him food. Afterwards a store-keeper, who lived near, fed him every day.

3. This lasted for four years, during which,

every night, even in the coldest weather, the dog lay on his master's grave.

When the dog died he was buried near his master; and the figure of a dog has been placed over a drinking fountain in a street near the grave, to tell the story of his faithful love.

4. The dog is always ready to do his master's bidding. A word, a sign, sometimes even a look, will make him understand what is wanted. He understands the meaning of a good deal of what is said to him, and he can be taught a great many things.

5. A Scottish shepherd, while talking with a friend, said, in the same tone of voice, "I'm thinking the cow is among the potatoes." In a moment the dog sprang up, leaped through the open window, and ran to the potato field.

A dog in the habit of taking letters to the post-office would not take any letter that did not bear a stamp.

6. A dog was taken by rail every morning. His master always left the train at the seventh station. The dog knew this, for he lay quietly

under the seat till the sixth station was passed, then he came out and took his master's bag in his mouth, to be ready to leave the car.

7. The dog and the horse often become great friends, and are very fond of each other. A gentleman had a Newfoundland dog that always went to the stable to get his horse. While the groom saddled the horse, the dog lay with his nose between his paws.

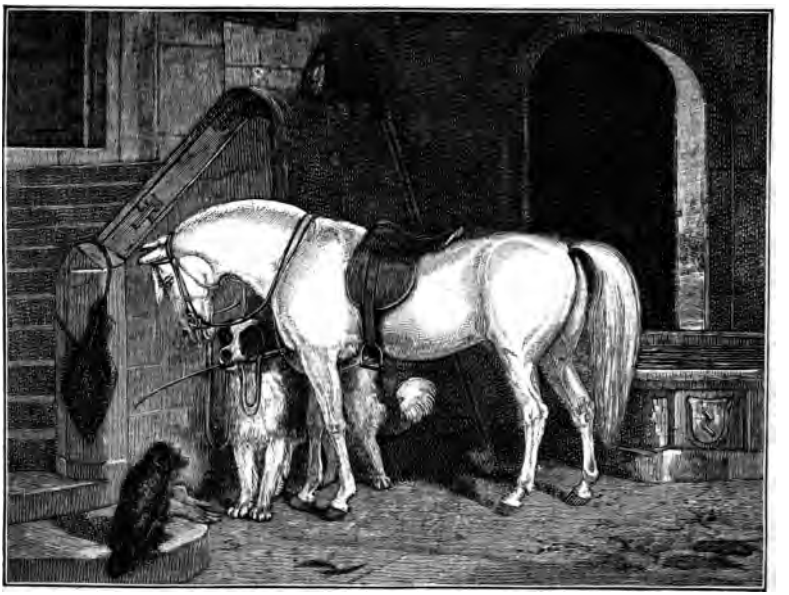
8. When the horse was ready, the dog took the reins in his mouth, and led the horse to his master. He then followed him in his ride.

On returning, the rein was given to the dog, and he led his friend back to the stable. If the groom happened to be out of the stable, the dog barked loudly till he came.

9. There was once a dog named Romp, who used to go to market with his master. He was always given a cent to buy meat for himself.

If the butcher took the money before he gave him the meat, the dog would growl and show his teeth.

10. One day the master was called away on



NEWFOUNDLAND DOG READY TO LEAD THE HORSE TO HIS MASTER.

business, and was gone for several days. On his return he told Romp to bring him his slippers. Romp did not obey, but slunk into a corner, and the slippers could not be found.

11. Some hours later the gentleman went to the post-office, and Romp went with him.

As he passed the market, the butcher asked him to step into the store, and gave him his slippers. Romp had carried them down one at a time to pay for his meat.

STORIES OF DOGS.

Part II.

clĕv′ĕr	kĕn′nĕl	whīn′ĭng
strĕ*t*che*d*	*w*rĕcke*d*	flō*a*t′ĕd
anx′ious (ănk′shŭs)	spär	bĭt′tĕr lȳ
mĕr′çȳ	rē stōr*e*′	lăn′tĕrn

1. A certain gentleman had a clever dog named Fido. One day Fido had been very naughty. He had made an attack on a favorite cat that belonged to the people who lived next door.

It seems that the dog had found puss feeding on some scraps that had been thrown to her; so he drove her out of the yard, and ate the food she had received.

2. He had just finished his stolen meal when he saw his master coming towards him, and he slunk off to his kennel.

About half an hour afterwards, the gentleman was sitting in his easy-chair reading the evening paper, when he heard a gentle knock at the door.

3. Opening it, he found Fido standing with his master's slippers in his mouth, and looking very anxious, as if in doubt about the success of his plan.

The gentleman was much pleased: the peace-offering was taken, and Fido was allowed again to take his place on the rug at his master's feet.

4. One dark night, the watchmen at a small village on one of our coasts heard the whining of a dog. They went out, and found the dog; and, having tied a lantern to his neck, they followed him to the beach. There they found a woman and child, a little girl two years old, stretched on the sand, and, as it seemed to them, nearly dead.

5. They carried them to a house about half a mile off, and used means to restore them. The child was lively the next morning, but it was a long time before the mother was well again.

6. After a few days, however, she was able to speak. The first thing she said was, "Where is Henry — where is my husband?" And she wept very bitterly at the thought that she should never see him again.

7. She had sailed with him some weeks before, in his ship the "Sea Gull." They had met with one storm after another; and at last the ship, with all her masts gone, had been driven on the rocks and wrecked.

8. The mother had been dragged ashore by some one, while she held her child firmly clasped in her arms. It was their faithful dog that had saved them from drowning, and that had brought to their help the good watchmen who had treated them so kindly.

9. What was her joy when she heard, a few days later, that her husband also was safe! He had floated on a spar all night, and had been picked up early in the morning by a passing ship and taken to another port.

10. Great was the joy of the meeting of father, mother, and child; and deeply thankful they were to God for his mercy. Nor did they ever forget how much their noble dog had done for them.

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION.

A key to the symbols most of which are used in this Reader to indicate the pronunciation of the more difficult words.

I. VOWELS.

ā̇	as in	**fāte**	â	as in	**câre**	ī̇	as in	**ī̇dea**	o͞o	as in	**fo͞od**
ā̇	"	**senā̇te**	ē	"	**mēte**	ĭ	"	**ĭt**	o͝o	"	**fo͝ot**
ă	"	**făt**	ē̇	"	**ē̇vent**	ĩ	"	**sĩr**	ū	"	**ūse**
ä	"	**ärm**	ĕ	"	**mĕt**	ō	"	**ōld**	ū̇	"	**ū̇nite**
a̤	"	**a̤ll**	ẽ	"	**hẽr**	ō̇	"	**ō̇bey**	ŭ	"	**ŭp**
ȧ	"	**ȧsk**	ī	"	**īce**	ŏ	"	**nŏt**	û	"	**fûr**

II. EQUIVALENTS.

ạ	=	ŏ	as in	**whạt**	ọ	=	o͝o	as in	**wọlf**	ụ	= o͝o as in **pụll**
ê	=	â	"	**thêre**	ȯ	=	ŭ	"	**sȯn**	ȳ	= ī " **flȳ**
ĩ	=	ẽ	"	**gĩrl**	ô	=	a̤	"	**hôrse**	y̆	= ĭ " **baby̆**
o̤	=	o͞o	"	**mo̤ve**	ṳ	=	o͞o	"	**rṳle**		

III. CONSONANTS.

Only the most difficult consonants in this Reader are marked with diacritical signs. The following table may prove useful to the teacher for reference and for blackboard work.

ç = **s** as in **miçe**			**th** (unmarked)	as in	**thin**
ɕ or **c** (unmarked) = **k** as in **ɕa̤ll**			**ph** = **f**	"	**phantom**
ɕh = **k**	as in	**sɕho͞ol**	**s̱** = **z**	"	**ĭs̱**
ch (unmarked)	"	**child**	**z** (like s sonant)	"	**zone**
ġ like **j**	"	**cāġe**	**qu** (unmarked)	"	**quite**
ḡ (hard)	"	**ḡĕt**	**x̱** = **gz**	"	**ex̱act**
n̲ = **ng**	"	**ĭn̲k**	**x** (unmarked) = **ks**	"	**vex**
th̲	"	**th̲ĕm**			

Certain vowels, as *a* and *e*, when obscured and turned toward the neutral form, are italicized. Silent letters are also italicized.

WORD LIST.

The following is an alphabetical list of words used in this Reader. Many of the more common words that have been used in the previous Readers of the series are omitted.

This word list can be made the basis of a great variety of exercises in correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, rapid spelling, language lessons, and review work.

ȧ băsh*e*d′	ăl′phȧ bĕt	a̤*u*′tŭmn
ăc çĕpt′	a̤l thō*ugh*′	a̤*we*
ăc cŏm′plĭsh*e*d	ȧ mūs̱*e*′mĕnts	
ăc cŭs′tȯm*e*d	ān′ġĕl	băl′l*a*d
ā′corn (kŭrn)	ăn′s*w*ẽr*e*d	bănd
ăc quā*i*nt′ĕd	anx′ious	băn̲k
ăd mīr*e*′	(ăn̲k shŭs)	bâr*e*′fo͝ot
ăd vẽr′tĭs̱*e* mĕnt	ăp prō*a*ch*e*d′	bärk
ăd vīç*e*′	ăs cĕnd′ĕd	bär*re*d
ȧft ẽr no͞on′	ăs′tẽr	băt
ȧ gainst′ (gĕnst)	ăt′mŏs phere	bāth*e*
ȧ ḡō′	(fēr)	băt′tl*e*
ä*h*	ăt tĕm*p*t′ĕd	bē*a*ns̱
ȧ kĭn′	ăt tĕn′tion	b*e*ârs̱
ȧ lẽrt′	(shun)	bē*a*st

bē*a*t
bė̇ cạ*u*ṣ*e*′
bė̇ cȯm*e*′
bē*e*′t*l*e
bē*e*ts
bĕg
bė̇ ḡŭn′
bė̇ hīnd′
bė̇ l*i*ēv*e*d′
bĕl*l*
bĕl′lȯ*w*ṣ
bė̇ lŏng*e*d′
bė̇ lō*w*′
bĕlt
bė̇ spōk*e*′
bĭrd′lĭng
bĭrth′plāç*e*
bīt*e*
bĭt′tĕr lȳ
blād*e*
blām*e*
blĕs*s*′ĕd
blĕs*s*′ĭng
blīnd
blōōm
blō*w*n
blū*e*′-jāyṣ
bŏn′nĕt
bōōt
bōōt′blăck
bôr′dĕr
bōth
bou*gh*ṣ
bound
bound′lĕs*s*
bow′wow
boy′hŏŏd
brȧnch′ĕṣ
brāv*e*
brạ*w*n′ȳ
brĕ*a*k′f*a*st
brē*a*th*e*d
brē*e*z*e*
brē*e*z′ȳ
brīd*e*
brĭdġ*e*
brĭm
brōk*e*
brō′k*e*n
brŏŏk′lĕt
bŭnch
bur′(bĕr) ĭ *a*l
bŭrn′ĭng
bụsh′ȳ
bus′(bĭz) ĭ lȳ
bus′(bĭz) ȳ
bụ*t*ch′ĕr
bŭt′t*o*nṣ

cȧ chōō′
căc′kl*e*
cạ*l*′ĭng
câr*e*′fụl
cȧ rĕs*s*′ĕṣ
căr′rȳ ĭng
căs cād*e*′
caught (kạt)
çē′darn (dĕrn)
çĕl*l*
çĕn′tĕr
çĕr′t*a*ĭn lȳ
chȧf*f*
chānġ*e*d
chās*e*
chē*a*p

chēer
chĕr′rĭeṣ
chĕr′rў
chiēf
chĭll
chĭm′neў
chĭn
choir (kwīr)
chōke
chōōṣe
chŏp
chûrch
çĩr′cŭs
çĭr′rŭs
clāimed
clȧss
clēar
clĕv′ẽr
clī′mȧte
clīmb
clīme
clōak
clŏth
clŭcked
clŭs′tẽr
clŭs′tẽred
cōal
cōat
cōaxed
cŏc′kle
cō′cȯa
coin
cȯl′ored
(ẽrd)
cȯm′pȧ nў
cȯm pâred′
cŏm′rădeṣ
cōne
cŏn sȱ lā′tion
(shŭn)
cŏn′stant
cŏn sŭlt′ĕd
cŏn′trȧ rў
cŏn trīv′ĭng
cōōn
cŏt′tȧġe
course (kōrs)
coŭṣ′in
cȯv′ẽred
crā′dle
crēa′tūre
crēep
crĕst′ĕd
crīed
crĭm′ṣon
crĭp′pled
crĭsp
crōw
crȳ′ĭng
cūbe
cûrlṣ
cûrl′ў
cŭr′rant
cûr′taĭn

dâred
dăsh
dạugh′tẽr
dḗ cēived′
dēed
dḗ līght′
dḗ pärt′ed
dḗṣ′ẽrt
dḗ ṣẽrve′
dḗ tẽr′mĭned

dew (dū)
dī*e*d
dĭg
dĭm
dĭm′pl*e*ṣ
dĭn′nĕr
dĭs cŏv′ĕr*e*d
dĭs cŭs′sion (kŭsh′ŭn)
dĭs *h*ŏn′ĕs tȳ
dĭṣ′m*a*l
dĭs′t*a*nç*e*
dĭs trăct′ĭng
dŏl′lar (lẽr)
dō*o*r′stĕp
dŏt
dou*b*t′ĕd
dous*e*
drąw′ĭng
drąwn
drĕ*a*d
drē*a*r′ȳ
drĕs*s*ed
drĭft
drĭp′pĭng

drŏps
drown
dŭg
dŭnç*e*

ē*a*r
ē*a*rl
ē*a*r′nĕst
ē*a*rnṣ
ē*a*ṣ′ĭ lȳ
ē*a*st′ĕrn
ĕc*h*′ōeṣ
ė̄ clĭps*e*′
ĕ*d*ġ′ĕṣ
ė̄ nough′ (nŭf)
ere (ār)
ė̄ rĕct′
ĕr′mĭn*e*
ĕr′r*a*nd
ĕs cāp*e*′
ĕs chew′ĭng (chū)
ē′v*e*n ĭng
ĕv′ĕr grē*e*n
ĕx ăm′ĭn*e*

ĕx pē′rĭ ĕnc*e*
ĕx tĕnd′ĕd

fād′ĕd
fā*i*l*e*d
fâ*i*r
fā*i*th′fụl
fȧ mĭl′iar (yĕr)
făm′ĭ lȳ
fâr*e* wĕl*l*′
fȧs′t*e*n*e*d
fā′vor (vĕr) ĭt*e*
fạ*w*n
fĕs′tĭ v*a*l
f*i*ērç*e*
fĭl*l*ed
fĭn′gĕrṣ
fĭr
fĭrm′lȳ
flām′ĭng
flăp
flăt
flăt′t*e*n*e*d
flĕck
flē*e*′çȳ

flĭt′tĭng
flōat
flŏck′ĭng
floun′dẽred
flŭf′fy̆
flŭr′ries (rĭz)
fōam
fŏre′hĕad
fŏr ĕv′ẽr
fōrġe
fŏr ḡĕt′
fŏr gŏt′ten
fŏr lôrn′
fōrth
fôrt′nīght
fôr′tūne
foun′taĭn
fŏx′glȯve
frā′grant
frēe
frēed
frēe′dȯm
frĕsh′ĕst
frīght′ĕned
frŏl′ĭc

frown (froun)
frō′zen
frụit
fū′ġĭ tĭves
fûr
fū′tūre

gāle
găl′lȯp (lŭp)
găsp′ĭng
gāte
gāz′ĭng
gēese
ġĕn′ẽr oŭs
gĭr′dle
glăd′nĕss
glȧss
glēamed
glēe
glĭs′ten
glōam′ĭng
glō′ry̆
glȯve
glōw
gnạw

gōat
gōld
grāpes
grāte′fụl
grāve
grēet′ĭng
grō′çẽr
ground
grōve
growl (groul)
guĕst

hăm′mŏck
hănd′fụl
hăn′dle
hăp′pen
här′bor (bẽr)
härd′ened
härd′ly̆
hās′ten
hăt̆ch
hāte
hạwk
hĕalth
hēap

hē*a*r
hẽ*a*rd
h*e*ärt
hĕ*a*v′ў
hė̄ păt′ĭ cȧ
hī*gh*′wā*y*
hĭn′dêr
hĭs tŏr′ĭc
hōld
hōl*e*
hō′lĭ ẽr
*h*ŏn′ĕst
ho͝od
hound
*h*our
house
hous*e*′hōld
howl (houl)
hŭn̲′grў
hŭnt
hụr rä*h*′
hŭr′rў

ĭm ăġ′ĭn*e*
ĭn dĭf′fẽr *e*nç*e*

ĭn tĕn′tion
(shŭn)
ĭn trȱ dūç*e*′
ĭn vīt*e*′

jä*u*n′tў
jā*y*
jū*i*′çĕs̱
jū*i*′çў

kĕn′nĕl
kĭn
kĭng′dȯm
*k*nŏ*w*l′ĕ*d*ġ*e*

lā′bĕl
lăd′dẽr
lăn′tẽrn
lär′ġẽr
lär′ġĕst
lȧs*s*
lāt*e*
lāt′ẽr
laugh (läf)
lạ*w*′yẽr

lā*y*s̱
lĕ*a*d
lĕ*a*d′*e*n
lē*a*p*e*d
lẽ*a*rn*e*d
lĕft
lī*e*
līf*e*
lĭft
līn*e*
lĭn̲′gẽr
lĭs′*te*n*e*d
lō*a*d
lŏ*c*ks
lōn*e*′lў
lo͞on
lŏst

măg ȧ zine′
(zēn)
mā*i*d
mā*i*d′*e*n
măn′sion
(shŭn)
mȧs′tẽr

mȧsts
mȧ tē′rĭ *a*l
Mā*y*′pōl*e*
meas′ured
(mĕzh′ūr*e*d)
mē*e*k
mĕlt
mẽr′çĭ fụl
mẽr′çy̆
mī*gh*t′y̆
mīld
mĭn′ĭs tẽr
mĭn′nȯ*w*ṣ
mĭs spĕl*l*′
mĭs′trĕs*s*
mĭst′y̆
mŏ*c*k′ĭng
mŏd′ĕst
mois′*te*n ĭng
mōl*e*
mō′m*e*nts
mȯnk
mȯnth
mȯnth′ly̆
mōōn
mŏth
mound
moun′t*a*ĭn
mŭg
mûr′mŭr*e*d
mŭs′*cl*es
mū′ṣĭc
mū′ṣĭc *a*l
my̆r′ĭ *a*d
my̆ sĕlf′
my̆s′tĭ c*a*l

nā′kĕd
năp
năr′rȯ*w*
năs tûr′tium
(shŭm)
nā′tiveṣ
nā′tu̇r*e*
nē*e*′dl*e*
news′pā pẽr
(nūz)
nĭb′blĭng
nĭ*c*k′*e*l
nĭm′bŭs
nīn*e*′tē*e*n
nȯn*e*
nōōn
nôrth
nō′tĭç*e*

ō*a*r
ȯ̂ bē′dĭ *e*nt
ō′ clŏ*c*k′
ŏf′*te*n
*o*nce (wŭns)
ŏn′ward
(wẽrd)
ō′p*e*n*e*d
ŏp′ẽr ȧ
ŏp pŏr tū′nĭ ty̆
ôr′chard
(chẽrd)
ō′rĭ ōl*e*
our sĕlv*e*ṣ
ō*we*ṣ

pā*i*n′lĕs*s*
pâ*i*r
pāl*e*

pān*e*
păn′s̱ў
păn tȧ lo͞on′
pär′çĕl
păr′rȯt
pär′s*o*n
pärt
pȧst
păt′tẽr
p*e*âr
pē*a*s̱
pĕck*e*d
pẽr plĕx*e*d′
pẽr sĭst′ĭng
pĭ ăz′zȧ
p*i*ēç*e*
pĭt′ў
plă*i*d
plā*i*n
pŏck′ĕts
pois̱′ĭng
pōl*e*
pŏnd
pŏp′pĭ*e*s̱
pōrch

pōrt fō′lĭ ȯ
pȯ s̱ĭ′tion (shŭn)
pound
prăc′tĭç*e*
prăc′tĭs*e*d
prā*i*s̱*e*
prā*y*
prē*a*ch
prĕp ȧ rā′tion (shŭn)
prĕs̱′ĕnt lў
prĕs̱′ĭ d*e*nt
prey (prā)
prȯ fĕs′*s*or (ẽr)
prŏmpt′lў
prȯ pōs̱′*a*l
proud
*p*sä*l*m
pŭn′ĭsh*e*d
pŭz′zl*e*d

quă*c*k
quāk*e*
quar′ (kwŏr) rĕl
quē*e*n

quē*e*r
quĕl*l*
quĕs′tion (chŭn)
quīt*e*

răḡ
răp
răt′tl*e*
răv′*e*l ĭngs̱
rē*a*d
rĕ*a*d′ў
rē*a*′s̱*o*n
rė cīt′ĕd
rė flĕct′ĕd
rė joiç*e*′
rė pōs̱*e*′
rĕst
rė stōr*e*′
rĭch′ĕs̱
rĭ*d*ġ*e*d
rī*gh*t
rĭp′pl*e*d
rō*a*d′sīd*e*
rō*a*m

rō*a*r
rōd*e*
rōl*l*
rōōf
rōōst′ẽr
rough (rŭf)
rou*s*e
rō*w*s
rŭb
rŭb′bĭng
rụ′bў

săd′dl*e*d
săd′nĕs*s*
săng
săsh
săv′ăġ*e*
sāv*e*d
scârç*e*′lў
scär′lĕt
schōōl′mȧs tẽr
scōld′ĕd
scoun′drĕl
scowl
sē*a*t′ĕd

sĕlf
sĕl*l*
sĕns*e*
sĕp′ȧ rāt*e*
sẽrv′*a*nt
sĕv′*e*nth
sĕx′tȯn
shād′ў
shāp*e*d
shĕd
shĕl′tẽr*e*d
shĭ
shoe (shōō)
shōr*e*
shôrt
shō*u*l′dẽr
shout′ĕd
shȯv*e*
shō*w*
shr*i*ēk′ĭng
shŭt
sīd*e*′wạ*l*k
sī*gh*
sĭl′vẽr
sĭn′ew (ṻ) ў

sĭn̲k′ĭng
sĭs′tẽrs̲
sĭt ṻ ā′tion
(shŭn)
skĭrt
slĕdġ*e*
sl*e*igh (slā)
slĕn′dẽr
slĭp
slĭp′pẽrs̲
slō*w*′lў
slŭnk
smạl*l*′ĕst
smĕl*le*d
smĭth′ў
snē*e*z*e*
snŭf*f*
sō*a*r
sŏl′ĕm*n*
sōld
sŏm′bẽr
sȯm′ẽr sạ*u*lt
sȯn
sŏr′rȯ*w* ĭng
sour

sous*e*
spāç*e*
spär
spâr*e*
spärks
spē*e*d
spĕl*l*′ĭng
spĕnd′ĭng
sphere (sfēr)
splĕn′dor (dĕr)
spȯnġ*e*
spōōn
sprăng
sprĕ*a*d
squē*e*z*e*d
stâ*i*r
stär*r*ed
stā′tion (shŭn)
stā*y*ed
stē*a*l
stē*e*d
stĕm
stĕp
stŏ*c*k′ĭng
stōl*e*
stŏŏd
strā*igh*t
strā′tŭs
strạ*w*
strạ*w*′bĕr rĭe̱s
strạ*w*′bĕr rȳ
strā*y*
strē*a*k
strē*e*t
strĕngth
strĕ*t*ch
strōk*e*d
strŭg′gle̱s
strŭg′glĭng
stŭd′ȳ
sŭd′dĕn lȳ
sŭm′mȯn ĭng
sŭng
sŭn′sĕt
sŭp′pĕr
sŭp′pōs̱*e*
sûr prīs̱*e*d′
sŭr round′ed
swạl′lŏ*w*
swăm
swā*y*
swĕ*a*t
swŭng

tạl*l*′ĕst
tām*e*
tăn
tȧsk
tạ*ugh*t
tē*a*ch′ĕr
tē*a*r
tē*a*′sĕt
tĕn′dĕr
thē̱s*e*
th*i*ēf
thĭn
thĭng
thrĕsh′ĭng
thrōn*e*
thrō*w*
thŭm*b*
thŭn′dĕr
tĭm′ĭd
tĭp*pe*d
tī′tl*e*

tō*a*d
tō*e*s̱
toil′ĭng
tōn*e̤*
tō͞oth
tŏp
tôr′t*o*ĭs*e*
tŏs*se*d
tō′wards (ẽrdz)
town
trā*i*ts
trăv′ĕl ẽr
trī*e*d
trĭm*me*d
trṳ*e*
trṳth
tūn*e*s̱
twĕlv*e*
tȳ′ĭng

ŭndrĕs*se*d′

văl′l*e*y̆
văn′ĭsh*e*d
vēil (vāl)

vĭl′lȧġ*e*
vīn*e*s
vĭs̱′ĭt
vĭs̱′ĭt or (ẽr)
voiç*e*

wād*e*
wā*i*l′ĭng
wā*i*t′ĕd
wa̤rn′ĭng
wē*e*k
weigh (wā)
weight (wāt)
wĕt
whĕn e'er′(ār)
whĭch
whīl*e*
whīn′ĭng
whĭp
whĭp′po͝or wĭl*l*s̱
whĩrl*e*d
whĭs′*tle*
whĭth′ẽr
whō*a*
*w*hōl*e*

*w*ho̤m
wīnd′ĭng
wĭng
wĭn̲k
wīp*e̤*s
wĭs̱′dȯm
wīs̱*e*
wĭth ĭn′
wĭt′tȳ
wȯn′dẽr
wo͝od′chŭ*c*k
wo͝od′*e*n
wors*e* (wûrse)
worth′ (wûrth) y̆
wound
wōv′*e*n
*w*rē*a*th
*w*rĕck*e*d
*w*rŏng
*w*rought (ra̤t)

yē
yĕs′tẽr dȧ*y*
y*o*ŭng
y*o*ŭn̲′ḡĕst

Proper Names, etc.

Ȧ dâ*i*r′
Ăl′bẽrt
Āme*s̱*′bur (bĕr) y̆
Är′ th*u*r

Blȧnch*e*
Bōs̱*e*
Brĕm′ĕn
Brĭn̲k′ẽr

Cärl
Chăn′tĭ clē*e*r
Chärl*es̱*
Chrīst
Cŭd′dl*e*

Dăn′vẽrs̱
Dā′vĭd
Dė̄ çĕm′bẽr

Ĕlm′wo͝od

Ĕm′ĭ ly̆
Ĕth′ĕl

Flŏr′ĕnç*e*
Frī′dǡ*y*

Gŏd
Grā′*ha*m
Grē*e*n′lē*a*f

Hā′vẽr *h*ĭl*l*
Hĕn′ry̆

Jă*c*k Frŏst
Jăp ȧ nēs̱*e*′

Lȯn′dȯn

Nĕl′ly̆

Ō*a*k *K*nōl*l*

Păr′ȧ dīs*e*
Phe′ (fē) bė̄

Rĕd Rīd′ĭng Hood
Rṳth

Săn′tȧ Cla̤*us̱*
Scŏt′tĭsh
Spā*i*n
Spĕc′kl*e*
Sŭn′dǡ*y*

Tăb′ĭ thȧ
Tĭm
Tŏm

Wa̤l′tẽr
Wā′vẽr l*e*y̆
Whĭt′tĭ ẽr

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